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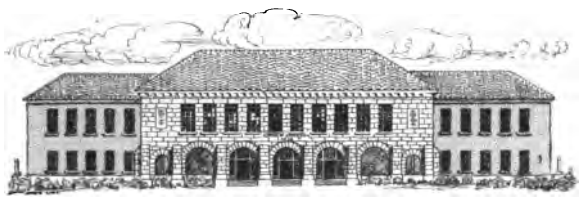

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THE

CHILD LIFE FIFTH READER

BY

ETTA AUSTIN BLAISDELL McDonald

AND

MARY FRANCES BLAISDELL

AUTHORS OF "CHILD LIFE," "CHILD LIFE IN TALE AND FABLE," "CHILD LIFE IN MANY LANDS," "CHILD LIFE IN LITERATURE," AND THE "BLAISDELL SPELLERS"

New York

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PREFACE

THIS book forms the fifth in the series of Child Life Readers. It contains selections from the literature that children ought to know and enjoy.

What boy or girl can fail to read with delight such books as "Swiss Family Robinson," "The Wonder Book," "Alice through the Looking-Glass," "Don Quixote," "Tom Brown's School Days," "The Arabian Nights," and "Pickwick Papers"? Selections from such books as these are given with the hope of so interesting the pupils in the part, that they may wish to read the whole. It is in this way that an early interest in literature may be inspired.

Careful attention has been given to the grading in this series of readers, and in the Fifth Reader the material is selected with the special aim of giving to the pupil what he can read and understand, at the same time keeping in mind the necessity of presenting only that which has purity and excellence of thought, and is correct in diction.

Attention is also called to the literary value of the poems, many of which should be learned by heart.

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NOTE TO TEACHERS

THE material in this book has been selected with three definite aims: first, to stimulate an interest in good literature; second, to present to the pupil reading matter of a high quality of thought and expression; third, to afford a sufficient and excellent drill, with a view to making the reading of the pupils fluent and intelligent.

In order to awaken an interest in good books, the pupil should be encouraged to take books from the public library, and to read books at home. A school library will prove to be of great value in this work.

The teacher should interest herself in the books which the pupils are reading, suggest books for them to read, ask them to read aloud a short selection from a book they have read, teach them to find a good selection, ask them to learn quotations and short poems by heart, teach them to select quotations worth knowing, call attention to a fine description, to a thought well expressed; in fact, use every opportunity for leading the pupils to love the true, the good, and the beautiful in literature, as well as in nature and art.

The more difficult words which the pupils should be able to pronounce and define correctly have been placed at the head of each lesson. The work of searching in the vocabulary at the end of the book for the pronunciation and definition of these words will afford excellent dictionary practice.

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THE CHILD LIFE FIFTH READER

THE SABOT OF LITTLE WOLFF[1]

curé[2]	ecstasy	compassion	magnificent
sabot	vagabond	reduction	Strasbourg
niche	apprentice	incrusted	monsieur
miracle	porringer	miserable	battalions
truffles	avaricious	menagerie	burgomaster

Once upon a time, — it was so long ago that the whole world has forgotten the date, — in a city in the north of Europe, whose name is so difficult to pronounce that nobody remembers it, — once upon a time there was a little boy of seven, named Wolff. He was an orphan in charge of an old aunt who was hard and avaricious, who only kissed him on New Year's Day, and who breathed a sigh of regret every time that she gave him a porringer of soup.

But the poor little lad was naturally so good that he loved his aunt just the same, although she frightened him very much; and he could never see her without trembling, for fear she would whip him.

[1] See note on page 259.

[2] Find the pronunciation and definition of these words in the vocabulary.

As the aunt of Wolff was known through all the village to have a house and an old stocking full of gold, she did not dare send her nephew to the school for the poor, but she obtained a reduction of the price with the schoolmaster whose school little Wolff attended. The teacher, vexed at having a scholar so badly dressed and who paid so poorly, often punished him unjustly, and even set his fellow-pupils against him.

The poor little fellow was therefore as miserable as the stones in the street, and hid himself in out-of-the-way corners to cry when Christmas came.

The night before Christmas the schoolmaster was to take all of his pupils to church, and bring them back to their homes. As the winter was very severe that year, and as for several days a great quantity of snow had fallen, the children came to the master's house warmly wrapped and bundled up, with fur caps pulled down over their ears, double and triple jackets, knitted gloves and mittens, and good, thick-nailed boots with strong soles. Only little Wolff came shivering in the clothes that he wore week-days and Sundays, and with nothing on his feet but coarse Strasbourg socks and heavy sabots, or wooden shoes.

His thoughtless comrades made a thousand jests over his forlorn looks and his peasant's dress; but little Wolff was so occupied in blowing on his fingers to keep them warm, that he took no notice of the boys or what they said.

The troop of boys, with their master at their head, started for the church. As they went they talked of the fine suppers that were waiting them at home. The son of the burgomaster had seen, before he went out, a monstrous goose that the truffles marked with black spots like a leopard. At the house of one of the boys there was a little fir tree in a wooden box, from whose branches hung oranges, sweetmeats and toys.

The children spoke, too, of what the Christ-child would bring to them, and what he would put in their shoes, which they would, of course, be very careful to leave in the chimney before going to bed. And the eyes of those little boys, lively as a parcel of mice, sparkled in advance with the joy of seeing in their imagination pink paper bags filled with cakes, lead soldiers drawn up in battalions in their boxes, menageries smelling of varnished wood, and magnificent jumping-jacks covered with purple and bells.

Little Wolff knew very well by experience that his old aunt would send him supperless to bed; but, knowing that all the year he had been as good and industrious as possible, he hoped that the Christ-child would not forget him, and he, too, looked eagerly forward to putting his wooden shoes in the ashes of the fireplace.

When the service was ended, every one went away, anxious for his supper, and the band of children, walking two by two after their teacher, left the church.

In the porch, sitting on a stone seat under a Gothic niche, a child was sleeping — a child who was clad in a robe of white linen, and whose feet were bare, notwithstanding the cold. He was not a beggar, for his robe was new and fresh, and near him on the ground was seen a square, a hatchet, a pair of compasses, and the other tools of a carpenter's apprentice. Under the light of the stars, his face bore an expression of divine sweetness, and his long locks of golden hair seemed like an aureole about his head. But the child's feet, blue in the cold of that December night, were sad to see.

The children, so well clothed and shod for the winter, passed heedlessly before the unknown child. One of them, the son of one of the principal men in the village, looked at the waif with an expression in which no pity could be seen.

But little Wolff, coming the last out of the church, stopped, full of compassion, before the beautiful sleeping child. "Alas!" said the orphan to himself, "it is too bad that this poor little one has to go barefoot in such bad weather. But what is worse than all, he has not even a boot or a wooden shoe to leave before him while he sleeps to-night, so that the Christ-child could put something there to comfort him in his misery."

And, carried away by the goodness of his heart, little Wolff took off the wooden shoe from his right foot, and laid it in front of the sleeping child. Then, limping along

LITTLE WOLFF

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LITTLE WOLFF

on his poor blistered foot and dragging his sock through the snow, he went back to his aunt's house.

"Look at that worthless fellow!" cried his aunt, full of anger at his return without one of his shoes. "What have you done with your wooden shoe, little wretch?"

Little Wolff did not know how to deceive, and although he was shaking with terror, he tried to stammer out some account of his adventure.

The old woman burst into a frightful peal of laughter. "Ah, monsieur takes off his shoes for beggars! Ah, monsieur gives away his wooden shoes to a barefoot! This is something new! Ah, well, since that is so, I am going to put the wooden shoe which you have left in the chimney, and I promise you the Christ-child will leave there to-night something to whip you with in the morning. And you shall pass the day to-morrow on dry bread and water. We will see if next time you give away your shoe to the first vagabond that comes."

Then the aunt, after having given the poor boy a couple of slaps, made him climb up to his bed in the attic. Grieved to the heart, the child went to bed in the dark, and soon went to sleep, his pillow wet with tears.

On the morrow morning, when the old woman went downstairs — oh, wonderful sight! — she saw the great chimney full of beautiful playthings, and sacks of magnificent candies, and all sorts of good things; and before all these splendid things the right shoe, that her nephew

had given to the little waif, stood by the side of the left shoe, that she herself had put there that very night, and where she meant to put a birch rod.

As little Wolff, running down to learn the meaning of his aunt's exclamation, stood in artless ecstasy before all these splendid gifts, suddenly there were loud cries and laughter out of doors. The old woman and the little boy went out to know what it all meant, and saw the neighbors gathered around the public fountain. What had happened? Oh, something very amusing and extraordinary! The children of all the rich people of the village, those whose parents had wished to surprise them with the most beautiful gifts, had found only rods in their shoes.

Then the orphan and the old woman, thinking of all the beautiful things that were in their chimney, were full of amazement. But presently they saw the curé coming toward them, with wonder in his face. In the church porch, where in the evening a child, clad in a white robe, and with bare feet, had rested his sleeping head, the curé had just seen a circle of gold incrusted with precious stones.

Then the people understood that the beautiful sleeping child, near whom were the carpenter's tools, was the Christ-child in person, become for an hour such as he was when he worked in his parents' house, and they bowed themselves before that miracle that the good God had seen fit to work, to reward the faith and charity of a child.

— Translated from the French of FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

PERRONET[1]

shilling[2]	determined	distraction
hyacinth	interrupted	satisfaction
telescope	ridiculous	particularly
polypody	competitors	agricultural

There were four of us, and three of us had godfathers and godmothers, — three each, — three times three make nine, and not a fairy godmother among them! That was what vexed us.

It was very provoking, because we knew so well what we wanted if we had one, and she had given us three wishes each, — three times three make nine. We could have had all we wanted with nine wishes, and have provided for Perronet, too. It would not have done any good for Perronet to have wishes for himself, because he was only a dog.

We never knew who it was that drowned Perronet, but it was Sandy who saved his life and brought him home. It was when he was coming from school, and he brought Perronet with him.

Perronet was not at all nice to look at when we first saw him, though we were very sorry for him. He was wet all over, and his eyes were shut, and you could see his

[1] See note on page 259.

[2] Find the definition and pronunciation of these words in the vocabulary.

ribs, and he looked quite dark and sticky. But when he dried, he dried a lovely yellow, with two black ears like velvet. People sometimes asked us what kind of a dog he was, but we never knew, except that he was the nicest possible kind.

We were afraid we could not keep him, because mother said we could not afford to pay for his tax and food. The tax was five shillings, but it was nearly a year before the time for paying it. We were all very unhappy because we were so fond of Perronet, and at last it was decided that all three of us would give up sugar, toward saving the expense of what he ate, if he might stay. It was hardest for Sandy, because he was particularly fond of sweet things; but then he was particularly fond of Perronet. So we all gave up sugar, and Perronet was allowed to remain.

About the tax, we thought we could save any pennies or halfpennies we got during the year, and it was such a long time before the tax must be paid that we should be almost sure to have enough by then.

What we wanted a fairy godmother for most of all was about our "homes." There was no kind of play we liked better than playing at houses and new homes. But no matter where we made our "home," it was sure to be disturbed. If it was indoors, and we made a palace under the big table, as soon as we had it nicely divided into rooms, it was certain to be dinner time. The nicest house

we ever had was in the woodshed; we had it, and kept it quite a secret, for weeks. And then the new load of wood came and covered up everything, our best oyster-shell dinner service and all.

Any one can see that it is impossible really to imagine anything when you are constantly interrupted. We could have no fun playing railway train when they took all our carriages to pieces because the chairs were wanted for tea. If we wished to play at Thames Tunnel under the beds, we were not allowed; and the day we did Aladdin in the store closet, Jane came to put away the soap just when Aladdin could not possibly have opened the door of the cave.

One day early in May, Sandy came in, smiling more broadly than usual, and said to Richard and me: "I've found a fairy godmother, and she has given me a field. It's quite a new place," he continued. "You've never been there."

"How did you get there?" asked Richard.

"The fairy godmother showed me," was Sandy's reply. "Come along. It's much cooler out now. The sun's going down."

He took us along Gypsy Lane. We had been there once or twice, and I knew it quite well. At the end of the lane there is a stile, by which you go into a field, and at the other end you get over another stile, and find yourself in the highroad.

"If this is your field, Sandy," said I, when we reached the first stile, "I'm very sorry, but it really won't do. I know that ever so many people come through it. We should never be quiet here."

Sandy laughed. He didn't speak, and he didn't get over the stile; he went through a gate close by it leading into a little lane. We followed him through a field where there was no path. Then there was another hedge and another stile with very rough posts, and two rails, which we all climbed over. When we reached the other side, Sandy leaned against the big post and waved his right hand, and said, "This is our field."

It sloped down hill, and the hedges round it were rather high, with awkward branches of blackthorn sticking out here and there without any leaves, and with the blossoms lying white on the black twigs like snow. There were cowslips all over the field, but they were thicker at the lower end, which was damp.

The sun shone still, but it shone low down, and made such splendid shadows that we all walked about with gray giants at our feet. It made the bright green grass, and the cowslips down below, and the top of the hedge, and the elder bush, and Sandy's hair, so yellow — so very yellow — that just for a minute I believed about Sandy's godmother, and thought it was a story come true, and that everything was turning into gold.

It was only for a minute; of course I know that fairy

tales are not true. But it was a lovely field, and when we had shaded our eyes with our hands, and taken a good look at it, I said to Sandy, "It is the best field I ever saw."

"Sit down," said Sandy, doing the honors; and we all sat down under the hedge, where we could see the whole field stretched out before us.

"There are violets just behind us," he continued. "Can't you smell them? But whatever you do, don't tell anybody about them or we shall not keep our field to ourselves for a day. And look here."

He had turned over on to his face, and Richard and I did the same, while Sandy fumbled among the bleached grass and leaves.

"Hyacinths," said Richard, as Sandy displayed their green tops.

"As thick as peas," said Sandy. "This bank will be blue in a few weeks, and there will be ferns everywhere. There's a wren's nest in there — "

At this point he rolled suddenly over on to his back and looked up.

"A lark," he explained; "there was one singing gloriously this morning. This will be a good field for a kite, won't it, Richard? But wait a bit."

After every new thing that Sandy showed us in our field he always finished by saying, "But wait a bit," and that was because there was always something else better still.

"There's a brook at that end of the field," he said, "with lots of fresh-water shrimps. I wonder whether they would boil red. But wait a bit. This hedge, you see, has a very high bank, and it is worn into ledges. I think we could play at 'shops' there — but wait a bit."

"It is almost too good, Sandy dear," said I, as we crossed the field to the opposite hedge.

"The best is to come," said Sandy; "but I don't think I will tell you until to-morrow."

And to our distraction he sat down in the middle of the field, put his arms around his knees, and rocked himself backward and forward, his face brimming with satisfaction.

Neither Richard nor I would have been so mean as to explore on our own account when the field was Sandy's discovery, but we tried hard to persuade him to show us everything.

He had the most provoking way of laughing and not saying a word, and he did that now, besides slowly turning all his pockets inside out into his hands, and eating the crumbs and currants, saying, "Guess!" after every mouthful.

But when there was not a crumb left in his pockets, Sandy turned them back, and jumping up said: "One can tell a secret only once. It's a hollow oak. Come along!"

He ran and we ran to the other side of our field. I

had read of hollow oaks, and seen pictures of them, and once I dreamed of one with a witch inside, but we had never had one to play in. We were nearly wild with delight. It looked solid from the field, but when we pushed behind on the hedge side, there was the door, and I crept in. There could not be a more perfect castle, and although there were no windows in the sides, the light came in from the top, where the hoary polypody hung over like a fringe. Sandy was quite right. It was the very best thing in our field.

Perronet was as fond of the field as we were. What he liked was the little birds. At least, I don't know that he liked them, but they were what he chiefly attended to. I think he knew that it was our field, and thought he was our watch-dog. Whenever a bird lighted on one of the trees, he barked at it, then it flew away, and he ran, barking after it, until he lost sight of it. By that time another had lighted somewhere, and Perronet flew at him, and so on, all up and down the field. He never caught a bird, and never would let one alight if he saw it.

We had all kinds of games in our field. Shops — for there were quantities of things to sell — and sometimes I was a moss merchant, for there were ten different kinds of moss by the brook; sometimes I was a jeweller, and sold daisy chains, pebbles, coral sets made of holly berries, and oak-apple necklaces; sometimes I kept provisions,

like earth-nuts, mallow-cheeses, and mushrooms; sometimes I kept a flower shop, and sold nosegays, wreaths, and umbrellas made of rushes. I liked the flower shop best, because I am fond of arranging flowers, and I always make our birthday wreaths and bouquets. Sometimes I kept ever so many shops, and Richard and Sandy bought my wares, and paid for them with money made of elder pith, sliced into circles. The first shop I kept was to sell cowslips, and Richard and Sandy lived beside the brook, and were wine merchants, and made cowslip wine in a tin mug.

The elder tree was beautiful. In July the cream-colored flowers were so fragrant that we could hardly sit under it, and in the autumn it was covered with berries; but we were always a little disappointed that they never tasted in the least like elderberry syrup. Richard used to make flutes out of the stalks, and we could really play tunes on one of them, only it always made Perronet bark.

Richard's cap had a large hole in the top, and when we were in our field we always hung the cap on the taller of the two stileposts to show that we were there, just as the Queen has a flag hung on Windsor Castle when she is at home.

We played at castles and houses, and when we were tired of the houses we went to play by the brook and pretended we had gone to the seaside for a change of air. Sandy and I took off our shoes and stockings and washed

Perronet in the brook, and Richard sat on the bank and looked at us through a telescope; for when the elder stems cracked, and could not be made into flutes, he made them into telescopes.

Whatever we played at we were never disturbed. Birds, and cows, and men and horses ploughing in the distance, do not disturb one at all. We were very happy that summer; the boys were quite happy, and the only thing that troubled me was Perronet's tax money, for weeks went by and still we did not save it. Once we got as far as twopence halfpenny, and then one day Richard came to me and said, "I must have some more string for my kite. You might lend me a penny out of Perronet's tax money till I can get some money of my own."

So I gave Richard a penny; and the next day Sandy said, "You lent Dick one of Perronet's coppers; I'm sure Perronet would lend me one;" and then they said it was ridiculous to leave a halfpenny there by itself, so we spent it for cakes.

It worried me so much at last, that I began to dream horrible dreams about Perronet having to go away because we hadn't saved his tax money, and then I used to wake up and cry until my pillow was quite wet. The boys never seemed to care, so that I was quite surprised one day when I found Sandy alone in our field with Perronet in his arms, crying, and feeding him with cake; and I found he was crying about the taxes.

I cannot bear to see boys cry. I would much rather cry myself, and I begged Sandy to leave off, for I said I was determined to try to think of some way of earning the money.

It certainly was remarkable that the very next day should be the day when we first heard about the flower show and the prizes.

It was in school, and the schoolmaster rapped on his desk and said, "Silence, children!" Then he told us that at the agricultural fair, which was to be held in July, there was to be a flower show, and that an old gentleman was going to give prizes to the school children for the best arrangement of wild flowers. There were to be nosegays and wreaths, and there was to be a first prize of five shillings, and a second prize of half a crown, for the best collection of wild flowers with the names attached to them.

"The English names," said the schoolmaster; "and there may be — silence, children! — there may be collections of ferns, or grasses, or mosses to compete, too, for the gentleman wishes to encourage a taste for natural history."

Sandy was sitting next to me, and I squeezed his arm and whispered, "Five shillings!" and the schoolmaster said, "Silence, children!" and I thought I never should finish my lessons for that day because I could think of nothing but Perronet's tax money.

July is not at all a good month for wild flowers; May

and June are far better. However, the show was to be the first week in July.

I said to the boys: "I'll make a collection of wild flowers. I know the names, and I can print. It will do no good for two or three of us to try to arrange flowers, but if you will get me what I need, I shall be very much obliged. If either of you wish to make another collection, there are ten kinds of mosses by the brook, and ever so many kinds of ferns among the rocks. We have names for them of our own, and they are English names. Perhaps they will do. But everything must come from our field."

The boys agreed, and they were very good. Richard made a box, rather high at the back. We put sand at the bottom and wet it, and then on top of that we heaped lovely masses of feather moss. I like to see grass with flowers, and we had very pretty grasses, so between every bunch of flowers I put a bunch of grass of different kinds. I got all the flowers and all the grasses ready first, and printed the names on pieces of cardboard to stick in with them, and then I arranged them by my eye, and Sandy handed me what I called for; while Richard was busy at the brook filling a large tray with damp sand and lovely mosses.

Sandy knew the flowers and their names as well as I did. Of course we knew everything that lived in our field; so when I called, "Ox-eyed daisies, cock's-foot

grass, meadow-sweet, foxtail grass, dog-roses, shivering grass," and so on, he gave me the right things, and I had nothing to do but to put the colors that looked best together next to each other, and to make the grass look light, and pull up bits of the moss to show well. At the end of every label I added, "Out of Our Field."

I did not like it very well when it was done; but Richard praised it so much, it cheered me up, and I thought his mosses looked lovely.

The flower-show day was very hot. I did not think it could be hotter anywhere in the world than it was in the field where the fair was; but it was hotter in the tent.

We could not have gone in at all, — for a man was selling tickets at the entrance, — but they allowed the competitors to go in free. When we got in there were a great many grown people, and it was hard work to get about among them and to see the stands where the flowers and fruit were arranged. Every few minutes we saw a ticket saying "First Prize," or "Second Prize," but it was sure to be placed on a tray of dahlias, or on fruit that we were not allowed to eat, or vegetables. The vegetables disappointed us so often that I began almost to hate them. I don't think I shall ever like very big potatoes (before they are boiled) again, particularly the red ones. It makes me feel sick with heat and anxiety to think of them.

We had struggled slowly all around the tent, and seen all the cucumbers, onions, lettuce, long potatoes, round

potatoes, and everything else, when we saw an old gentleman, with spectacles and white hair, standing before a table. And then we saw three nosegays in jugs, with all the green picked off, and then we saw some prettier ones, and then we saw my collection, and it had a big label in it marked "First Prize," and next to it was Richard's moss tray, with the hair-moss, and the pincushion-moss, and the others with names of our own invention, and it was marked "Second Prize." I gripped one of Sandy's arms just as Richard seized the other, and we both cried, "Perronet is paid for!"

— JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

FOUR-LEAF CLOVERS

I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry-blooms burst with snow;
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
But God put another in for luck —
If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong, and so,
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow. — ELLA HIGGINSON.

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE[1]

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around,
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles, —
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

[1] See note on page 259.

MARCH[1]

The stormy March has come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee!
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to northern lands, again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring;
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills,
And the full springs, from frost set free,
That, brightly leaping down the hills,
Renew their journey to the sea.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

—William Cullen Bryant.

[1] See note on page 259.

DAFFODILS[1]

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils, —
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of the bay.
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee, —
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company.
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils. — WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

[1] See note on page 259.

HOME-THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

Oh, to be in England,
Now that April's there!
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough,
In England — now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows —
Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field, and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops, — at the bent spray's edge, —
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could re-capture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, — the little children's dower, —
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

— Robert Browning.

THE RIVER OF GOLD[1]

PART I

adverse[2]	reduced	effectually	ascertaining
similar	exquisite	inheritance	prismatic
violent	malicious	livelihood	overwhelm
akimbo	precipice	evaporated	disconsolately
crucible	alternately	diminutive	circumference

When Southwest Wind, Esquire, entered the Treasure Valley and destroyed the property of Gluck's cruel brothers, he vowed that it should be his last visit, and he was as good as his word. What was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct.

No rain fell in the valley from one year's end to the other. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the three brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless estates in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had

[1] See note on page 259.

[2] Find the definition and pronunciation of these words in the vocabulary.

nothing left but some curious, old-fashioned pieces of gold plate.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths," said Schwartz to Hans as they entered the large city. "It is a good trade; we can put a great deal of copper into the gold without any one's finding it out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go out and spend money for their own pleasure.

So they melted all their gold without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking mug which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was fond of and would not have parted with for the world, though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water.

The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal, and these wreaths descended into and mixed with a beard of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face of the reddest gold imaginable, right in front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It

was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes. When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and went to the inn, leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars when it was ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately to the window and set himself down to catch the fresh evening air and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains which overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially the peak from which fell the Golden River.

It was just at the close of the day, and when Gluck sat down at the window he saw the rocks of the mountain tops all crimson and purple with the sunset. There were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering above them; and the river, brighter than all, fell in a waving column of pure gold from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah!" said Gluck, aloud, after he had looked at it for a while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be!"

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear, metallic voice close at his ear.

"Bless me! what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody to be seen. He looked round the room and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what *is* that?" He looked again into all the corners and cupboards and then began turning round and round as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking that there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now, very merrily, "Lala-lira-la;" no words, only a soft, running melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes every moment, "Lala-lira-la."

All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded nearer the

furnace. He ran to the opening and looked in; yes, he heard aright — it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room with his hands up and his mouth open for a minute or two, when the singing stopped and the voice became clear and distinct.

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo, Gluck, my boy," said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface was as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance from beneath the gold the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I'm all right; pour me out!"

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say!" said the voice, rather gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice, passionately. "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his

limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream there came out first a pair of little yellow legs, then some coat-tails, then a pair of arms stuck akimbo, and finally the well-known head of his friend the mug — all of which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor in the shape of a little golden dwarf about a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes without stopping, apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood looking at him in speechless amazement.

He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture that the prismatic colors gleamed over it as if on a surface of mother-of-pearl; and over this brilliant doublet his hair and beard fell full halfway to the ground in waving curls so exquisitely delicate that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended — they seemed to melt into the air. The features of the face, however, were rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he fixed his small, sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him for a minute or two.

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt manner of com-

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER HAD DISAPPEARED

mencing conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf's observations out of the melting-pot; but whatever it referred to, Gluck was not inclined to dispute it.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly indeed.

"No," said the dwarf; "no, it wouldn't." And with that the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his eyes, and took two turns, of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs very high, and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome his great amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River."

Whereupon he turned about and took two more turns some six feet long. After which he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something, at all events. "I hope your Majesty is very well," he stammered.

"Listen," said the little man, without deigning to reply to this polite inquiry. "I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore, attend to what I tell you!

"Whosoever shall climb to the top of the mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one, failing at first, can succeed in a second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will instantly become a black stone."

So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away, and deliberately walked into the centre of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling, — a blaze of intense light, — rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him. "Oh, dear, dear, dear me! My mug! My mug! My mug!"

THE RIVER OF GOLD

PART II

chasm[1]	Alpine	combatants	mountaineer
glacier	wrangling	imprudent	monotonous
vespers	fantastic	ignorant	indomitable
gnashed	pinnacles	recruited	extraordinary
myriads	concealed	penetrated	distinguishable

The King of the Golden River had hardly made this extraordinary exit before Schwartz and Hans came into the house. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate made them so angry that they beat Gluck until they were tired, and then dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, of which, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again till their arms were tired, and then went to bed.

In the morning, however, when he repeated the story, the two brothers began to believe him. After wrangling a long time over the knotty question of which of them should try his fortune first, they drew their swords and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbors, who, finding that they could not pacify the combatants, sent for the constable.

[1] Find the definition and pronunciation of these words in the vocabulary.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape and hide himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and thrown into prison till he could pay the fine.

When Hans heard this he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give holy water to such a wicked man. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, poured the holy water into a stone flask, put some bread and meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his Alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeking out of the bars and looking very disconsolate.

"Good morning, brother," said Hans. "Have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

Schwartz gnashed his teeth in rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and, advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any

one happy, even with no Golden River to seek, for level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains — their lower cliffs in pale, gray shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine.

Far above shot up red splintered masses of rocks, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and far beyond and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans's eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised on surmounting them to find that a large glacier, of whose existence he had been absolutely igno-

rant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practised mountaineer; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life.

The ice was excessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water; not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally in drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short, melancholy tones or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain.

The ice was cracked and broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, looked like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious expression about all their outlines — a strange resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows and lights played and floated about the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveller, while his ear grew dull and his head dizzy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters.

These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and

flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food when he was crossing the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame, and with the indomitable spirit of greed he resumed his journey to the source of the Golden River.

His way lay straight up a ridge of bare rocks, without a blade of grass to relieve the foot, or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless and penetrated with heat. Intense heat was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was afflicted; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask and was raising it to his lips when his eye fell on an object on the rock beside him. He thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, and its limbs extended lifelessly. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he

thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ear; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment.

Another hour passed, and again he looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty, but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again as he did so, something moved in the path before him. It was a fair child stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank a part of the water in his flask, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long, snake-like shadows crept up the mountain side.

Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale and

gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" he stretched his arms to Hans and cried feebly, "Water! I am dying!"

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body and darted on. A flash of blue lightning rose out of the east shaped like a sword. It shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans's ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset; they shook the crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering, he drew the flask from his girdle and hurled it into the centre of the torrent. As he did so an icy chill shot through his limbs; he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry, and the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night as it gushed over

ONE BLACK STONE.

THE RIVER OF GOLD

Part III

ascent[1]	monarch	acquaintance
zenith	piteously	diminished
fragment	mournfully	intolerable
mockery	countenance	innumerable

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously, alone in the house, for Hans's return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must have certainly been turned into a black stone; he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry and cried all night. When he got up in the morning there was no bread in the house nor any money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard and so neatly, and so long every day that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine, and he went and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said that he should have some of the gold of the river; but Gluck only begged that he would go and see what had become of Hans.

[1] Find the definition and pronunciation of these words in the vocabulary.

Now when Schwartz heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money and bought the water. Then Schwartz was sure that it was all quite right. So he got up early in the morning, before the sun rose, took some bread and meat in a basket, put the water in a flask, and set off for the mountain.

Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright; there was a heavy purple haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. As Schwartz climbed the steep rocky path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted the flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed!" said Schwartz; "I haven't enough for myself," and passed on.

As he went he thought the sunbeams became dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the west; and when he had climbed for another hour the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path,

and he heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed!" said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade before his eyes, and he looked up, and behold, a mist of the color of blood had come over the sun, and the bank of the black cloud had risen very high. Its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of an angry sea, casting long shadows which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour. Again his thirst returned, and as he lifted his flask to his lips he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him. As he gazed the figure stretched his arms to him and cried for water. "Ah, ah!" laughed Schwartz; "are you there? Remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed! Do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you?*" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. When he had gone a few yards farther he looked back, but the figure was not there.

A sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. The bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning; waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes over the whole heavens. The sky where the sun was

setting was all level, and like a lake of blood, a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments and scattering them far into the darkness.

When Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire. The roar of the waters below and the thunder above met as he cast the flask into the stream. And as he did so the lightning glared in his eyes, the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. The moaning of the river rose wildly into the night as it gushed over

TWO BLACK STONES.

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard and gave him little money. So after a month or two Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck put some bread and the bottle of water into his basket, and set off very early for the mountain.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was

neither so strong nor so practised on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass after he got over, and he began to climb the hill in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he was thirsty, and was going to drink, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble and leaning on a staff.

"My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some of that water!" Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water. "Only, pray, don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and some grasshoppers began singing upon the bank; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and his thirst increased so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But as he raised the flask he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear the thirst a little longer, and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and got up and ran down the hill;

and Gluck looked after it till it became as small as a little star, and then turned and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, — bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft bell gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. Crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour his thirst became intolerable again; and when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. As he was hanging the flask to his belt again he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath — just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, "No one can succeed except in his first attempt," and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again.

"Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eyes turned on him so mournfully that he could not bear it. "Confound the king and his gold, too!" said Gluck; and he opened the flask and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

Immediately the little dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared; its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red; its eye became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened; it's all right;" for Gluck stopped amazed at this unlooked-for reply to his last remark. "Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending those brothers of yours for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make, too."

"Oh, dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel?" said the dwarf. "They poured unholy water into my stream; do you suppose that I am going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir, — your Majesty, I mean, — they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but," and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the weary and dying is unholy, and only the water which is found in the vessels of mercy is holy."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked the lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. He shook them into the flask which

Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed!"

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a mist of dewy light; he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air — the monarch had evaporated.

Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal and as brilliant as the sun. When he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened, where they fell, a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed because the river not only was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity, yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains toward the Treasure Valley.

As he went he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. When he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river like the Golden River was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

As Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew and climbed over the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, while thickets of myrtle and tendrils of vine cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. Thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love.

Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; and for him the river became a river of gold, according to the dwarf's promise.

And to this day the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River underground until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. At the top of the cataract of the Golden River are still to be seen Two Black Stones, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called by the people of the valley the Black Brothers.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

THE WHITE KNIGHT[1]

victory[2]	bridle	offended	discontented
helmet	relieved	instantly	anxiously
prisoner	rescued	generally	doubtfully
vexation	dismay	encouraged	brandishing
evidently	leisurely	ventured	bewilderment

Alice sat on the bank of the little brook thinking over her adventures and wondering where she should go next, when her thoughts were interrupted by a loud shouting of, "Ahoy! Ahoy! Check!" and a knight, dressed in crimson armor, came galloping down upon her, brandishing a great club. Just as he reached her, the horse stopped suddenly. "You're my prisoner!" the knight cried, as he tumbled off his horse.

Startled as she was, Alice was more frightened for him than for herself at the moment, and watched him with some anxiety as he mounted again. As soon as he was comfortably in the saddle, he began once more, "You're my—" but here another voice broke in, "Ahoy! Ahoy! Check!" and Alice looked round in some surprise for the new enemy.

This time it was a White Knight. He drew up at Alice's side, and tumbled off his horse just as the Red

[1] See note on page 259.

[2] Find the definition and pronunciation of these words in the vocabulary.

Knight had done; then he got on again, and the two Knights sat and looked at each other for some time without speaking. Alice looked from one to the other in some bewilderment.

"She's my prisoner," the Red Knight said at last.

"Yes, but then I came and rescued her!" the White Knight replied.

"Well, we must fight for her, then," said the Red Knight as he took up his helmet (which hung from the saddle and was something the shape of a horse's head) and put it on.

"You will observe the Rules of Battle, of course," the White Knight remarked, putting on his helmet, too.

"I always do," said the Red Knight, and they began banging away at each other with such fury that Alice got behind a tree to be out of the way of the blows.

"I wonder what the Rules of Battle are," she said to herself, as she watched the fight, timidly peeping out from her hiding-place. "One Rule seems to be, that if one knight hits the other, he knocks him off his horse; and, if he misses, he tumbles off himself. And another Rule seems to be that they hold their clubs with their arms, as if they were Punch and Judy. What a noise they make when they tumble! Just like a whole set of fire-irons falling into the fender! And how quiet the horses are! They let them get on and off just as if they were tables."

Another Rule of Battle, that Alice had not noticed, seemed to be that they always fell on their heads; and the battle ended with their both falling off in this way, side by side. When they got up again they shook hands, and then the Red Knight mounted and galloped off.

"It was a glorious victory, wasn't it?" said the White Knight, as he came up panting.

"I don't know," Alice said doubtfully. "I don't want to be anybody's prisoner. I want to be a Queen."

"So you will, when you've crossed the next brook," said the White Knight. "I'll see you safe to the end of the woods—and then I must go back, you know. That's the end of my move."

"Thank you very much," said Alice. "May I help you off with your helmet?" It was evidently more than he could manage by himself; however, she managed to shake him out of it at last.

"Now one can breathe more easily," said the Knight, putting back his shaggy hair with both hands, and turning his gentle face and large, mild eyes to Alice. She thought she had never seen such a strange-looking soldier in her life.

He was dressed in tin armor, which seemed to fit him very badly, and he had a queer-shaped little deal box fastened across his shoulders upside down, with the lid hanging open. Alice looked at it with great curiosity.

"I see you're admiring my little box," the Knight

said in a friendly tone. "It's my own invention — to keep clothes and sandwiches in. You see I carry it upside down, so that the rain can't get in."

"But the things can get out," Alice gently remarked. "Do you know the lid's open?"

"I didn't know it," the Knight said, a shade of vexation passing over his face. "Then all the things must have fallen out! And the box is no use without them." He unfastened it as he spoke, and was just going to throw it into the bushes when a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he hung it carefully on a tree. "Can you guess why I did that?" he said to Alice.

Alice shook her head.

"In hope some bees may make a nest in it — then I should get the honey."

"But you've got a bee-hive — or something like one — fastened to the saddle," said Alice.

"Yes, it's a very good bee-hive," the Knight said, "but not a single bee has come near it yet. And the other thing is a mouse-trap. I suppose the mice keep the bees out — or the bees keep the mice out, I don't know which."

"I was wondering what the mouse-trap was for," said Alice. "It isn't very likely there would be any mice on the horse's back."

"Not very likely, perhaps," said the Knight; "but, if they do come, I don't choose to have them running all about."

"You see," he went on after a pause, "it's as well to be provided for everything. That's the reason the horse has all those anklets round his feet."

"But what are they for?" Alice asked in a tone of great curiosity.

"To guard against the bites of sharks," the Knight replied. "It's an invention of my own. And now help me on. I'll go with you to the end of the wood — What's that dish for?"

"It's meant for plum cake," said Alice.

"We'd better take it with us," the Knight said. "It'll come in handy if we find any plum cake. Help me to get it into this bag."

This took a long time to manage, though Alice held the bag open very carefully, because the Knight was so very awkward in putting in the dish; the first two or three times that he tried he fell in himself instead. "It's rather a tight fit, you see," he said, as they got it in at last; "there are so many candlesticks in the bag." And he hung it to the saddle, which was already loaded with bunches of carrots, and fire-irons, and many other things.

"I hope you've got your hair well fastened on?" he continued, as they set off.

"Only in the usual way," Alice said, smiling.

"That's hardly enough," he said anxiously. "You see the wind is so very strong here. It's as strong as soup."

THE WHITE KNIGHT

"Have you invented a plan for keeping the hair from being blown off?" Alice inquired.

"Not yet," said the Knight. "But I've got a plan for keeping it from falling off."

"I should like to hear it very much."

"First you take an upright stick," said the Knight. "Then you make your hair creep upon it like a fruit tree. Now the reason hair falls off is because it hangs *down* — things never fall *upwards*, you know. It's a plan of my own invention. You may try it if you like."

It didn't sound a comfortable plan, Alice thought, and for a few minutes she walked on in silence, puzzling over the idea, and every now and then stopping to help the poor Knight, who certainly was not a good rider.

Whenever the horse stopped (which it did very often), he fell off in front; and whenever it went on again (which it generally did rather suddenly), he fell off behind. Otherwise he kept on pretty well, except that he had a habit of now and then falling off sideways, and as he generally did this on the side on which Alice was walking, she soon found that it was the best plan not to walk *quite* close to the horse.

"I'm afraid you've not had much practice in riding," she ventured to say, as she was helping him up from his fifth tumble.

The Knight looked very much surprised, and a little offended at the remark. "What makes you say that?"

he asked, as he scrambled back into the saddle, keeping hold of Alice's hair with one hand, to save himself from falling over on the other side.

"Because people don't fall off quite so often when they've had much practice."

"I've had plenty of practice," the Knight said very gravely; "plenty of practice."

Alice could think of nothing better to say than "Indeed?" but she said it as heartily as she could. They went on a little way in silence after this, — the Knight with his eyes shut, muttering to himself, and Alice watching anxiously for the next tumble.

"The great art of riding," the Knight suddenly began in a loud voice, waving his right arm as he spoke, "is to keep — " Here the sentence ended as suddenly as it had begun, as the Knight fell heavily on the top of his head exactly in the path where Alice was walking. She was quite frightened this time, and said in an anxious tone, as she picked him up, "I hope no bones are broken?"

"None to speak of," the Knight said, as if he didn't mind breaking two or three of them. "The great art of riding, as I was saying, is — to keep your balance properly. Like this, you know — "

He let go the bridle and stretched out both his arms to show Alice what he meant, and this time he fell flat on his back, right under the horse's feet.

"Plenty of practice," he went on repeating all the

time that Alice was getting him on his feet again, "plenty of practice."

"It's too ridiculous!" cried Alice. "You ought to have a wooden horse on wheels."

"Does that kind go smoothly?" the Knight asked in a tone of great interest, clasping his arms round the horse's neck as he spoke, just in time to save himself from tumbling off again.

"Much more smoothly than a live horse," Alice said, with a little scream of laughter, in spite of all she could do to prevent it.

"I'll get one," the Knight said thoughtfully to himself. "One or two, — several."

There was a short silence after this, and then the Knight went on again. "I'm a great hand at inventing things. Now, I dare say you noticed, the last time you picked me up, that I was looking rather thoughtful?"

"You *were* a little grave," said Alice.

"Well, just then I was inventing a new way of getting over a gate — would you like to hear it?"

"Very much, indeed," said Alice.

"I'll tell you how I came to think of it," said the Knight. "You see, I said to myself, 'The only difficulty is with the feet; the *head* is high enough already.' Now, first I put my head on the top of the gate — the head's high enough — I stand on my head — then the feet are high enough, you see — then I'm over, you see."

"Yes, I suppose you'd be over when that was done," Alice said thoughtfully; "but don't you think it would be rather hard?"

"I haven't tried it yet," the Knight said gravely, "so I can't tell for certain; but I'm afraid it would be a little hard."

He looked so vexed at the idea, that Alice changed the subject hastily. "What a curious helmet you've got!" she said cheerfully. "Is that your invention, too?"

The Knight looked down proudly at his helmet, which hung from the saddle. "Yes," he said, "but I've invented a better one than that — like a sugar-loaf. When I used to wear it, if I fell off the horse, it always touched the ground directly. So I had a *very* little way to fall, you see — But there *was* the danger of falling *into* it, to be sure. That happened to me once — and the worst of it was, before I could get out again, the other White Knight came and put it on. He thought it was his own helmet."

The Knight looked so solemn about it that Alice did not dare to laugh. "I'm afraid you must have hurt him," she said, in a trembling voice, "being on the top of his head."

"I had to kick him, of course," the Knight said, very seriously. "And then he took the helmet off again; but it took hours and hours to get me out. I was as fast as — as lightning, you know."

"But that's a different kind of fastness," Alice objected.

The Knight shook his head. "It was all kinds of fastness with me, I can assure you," he said. He raised his hands as he said this, and instantly rolled out of the saddle and fell headlong into a deep ditch.

Alice ran to the side of the ditch to look for him. She was rather startled by the fall, and she was afraid that he really *was* hurt this time. However, though she could see nothing but the soles of his feet, she was much relieved to hear that he was talking in his usual tone. "All kinds of fastness," he repeated; "but it was careless of him to put another man's helmet on — with the man in it, too."

"How *can* you go on talking so quietly, head downwards?" Alice asked, as she dragged him out by the feet and laid him in a heap on the bank.

The Knight looked surprised at the question. "What does it matter where my body happens to be?" he said. "My mind goes on working all the same. In fact, the more head-downwards I am, the more I keep inventing new things. The cleverest thing of the sort that I ever did, was inventing a pudding during the meat-course."

"In time to have it cooked for the next course?" said Alice. "Well, that *was* quick work, certainly!"

"Well, not the *next* course," the Knight said in a thoughtful tone; "no, certainly not the next *course*."

"Then it would have to be the next day. I suppose you wouldn't have two pudding-courses in one dinner?"

"Well, not the *next* day," the Knight repeated as before; "not the next *day*. In fact," he went on, holding his head down, and his face getting lower and lower, "I don't believe that pudding ever *was* cooked! In fact, I don't believe that pudding ever *will* be cooked! And yet it was a very clever pudding to invent."

"What did you mean it to be made of?" asked Alice, hoping to cheer him up, for the poor Knight seemed quite low-spirited about it.

"It began with blotting paper," the Knight answered.

"That wouldn't be very nice, I'm afraid —"

"Not very nice *alone*," he interrupted quite eagerly; "but you've no idea what a difference it makes mixing it with other things — such as gunpowder and sealing-wax. And here I must leave you." They had just come to the end of the wood.

The Knight gathered up the reins and turned his horse's head along the road by which they had come. "You've only a few yards to go," he said, "down the hill and over that little brook, and then you'll be a Queen. But you'll stay and see me off first?" he added, as Alice turned with an eager look in the direction to which he pointed. "I shan't be long. You'll wait and wave your handkerchief when I get to that turn in the road? I think it'll encourage me, you see."

"Of course I'll wait," said Alice; "and thank you very much for coming so far."

So they shook hands, and then the Knight rode slowly away into the forest. "It won't take long to see him *off*, I expect," Alice said to herself, as she stood watching him. "There he goes! Right on his head as usual! However, he gets on again pretty easily — that comes of having so many things hung around the horse — "

So she went on talking to herself as she watched the horse walking leisurely along the road and the Knight tumbling off, first on one side and then on the other. After the fourth or fifth tumble he reached the turn, and then she waved her handkerchief to him, and waited until he was out of sight.

"I hope it encouraged him," she said, as she turned to run down the hill; "and now for the last brook and to be a Queen! How grand it sounds!" A very few steps brought her to the edge of the brook. "The Eighth Square at last!" she cried as she bounded across, and threw herself down to rest on a lawn as soft as moss.

"Oh, how glad I am to get here! And what is this on my head?" she exclaimed in a tone of dismay, as she put her hands up to something very heavy that fitted tight all round her head. "How *can* it have got there without my knowing it?" she said as she lifted it off and set it on her lap to see what it could be. It was a golden crown.

—Lewis Carroll.

SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON[1]

repel[2]	domestic	commotion	completely
caldron	calabash	sociability	ammunition
extension	dilemma	agitation	caoutchouc
plumage	incisions	sufficient	fortification
community	replenish	gymnastic	congratulation

Fritz and I started one morning with the donkey to bring home the sledge and the remainder of the gourd vessels. We had not proceeded far when we came upon a singular-looking object built around the trunk of a tree and looking like a large umbrella. I saw at once that the formation consisted of a great number of nests, built by a colony of birds, who appeared to be living together in perfect harmony.

Each pair had its own nest; in fact, this curious construction was like a town full of houses, all under one roof, formed of straw and moss, and sloping down from the trunk of the tree like the cover of an umbrella. The branches of the tree overshadowed and partly concealed the colonial residence, enabling the little creatures to skip in and out of their nest entrances without attracting much attention.

The number of the feathered inhabitants greatly astonished me; for they took alarm at our approach, and flew

[1] See note on page 260.

[2] Find the definition and pronunciation of these words in the vocabulary.

around us, chattering angrily, and evidently ready to repel with thousands of beaks any attack on their community.

While observing with admiration this wonderful proof of bird instinct, I was surprised to see a species of small parrot enter some of the nests, causing a great commotion among the colonists. Fritz, who very much wished to secure a live parrot, threw his gun on the ground and climbed the tree. On reaching the nearest branch, he seized it with one hand, while he thrust the other into the nearest nest opening; it was empty.

He tried another, with the same result. The third time he was rewarded for his boldness, for, while feeling the soft feathers of birds in the nest, a hard, seed-cracking beak seized his finger, and obliged him quickly to withdraw his hand, and cry out with pain as he shook it in the air. But he had not lost his hold on the bough, and thrusting his hand again into the nest, and seizing the lovely biter, he brought him out in spite of his screams.

Fritz was highly delighted with his prize, which proved to be a kind of sparrow-parrot, with beautiful green plumage. He placed it in his pocket to take home and teach to talk.

As we continued our journey, our conversation naturally turned on the social instinct of these birds, and the skill they displayed in building. Fritz asked if there were other creatures with similar powers, and if it could be the result of instinct.

"Beavers," I replied, "build a village, in which a large number live together in great sociability. Bees, wasps, and ants also possess this social instinct."

"Ah, yes, papa, I have watched the ants. It is a most amusing sight."

"If the ants of our native country have interested you," I said, "what would be your astonishment at those of other lands! They build for their eggs a kind of oven, or nest, from four to six feet high, and nearly as broad, with walls and roof so hard that neither rain nor sunshine can penetrate it. In it are streets, galleries, and store-cellars, and it is so firmly built that with little change it might be used as a baking-oven for man."

While conversing thus, we reached some trees quite unknown to us. They were from forty to sixty feet in height, and from the bark, which was cracked in some places, issued balls of thick gum. It was with difficulty that Fritz got one of them off. He tried to soften it with his hand as we proceeded on our journey, but found that heat only gave it the power of extension, and that on being released it resumed its first form.

"Look, papa!" he exclaimed, "I am sure the trees we took for wild figs are caoutchouc trees, and that this is india-rubber."

"That would be a valuable discovery to us," I replied.

"Why, can any use be made of the rubber except to remove pencil marks?"

"Oh, yes! the sap of the caoutchouc tree is used fo. very many articles that will be of great service to us."

We now reached the cocoanut wood, and it occurred to me to look for one of those most valuable trees called the sago palm. I noticed presently a large trunk broken down by the wind, in which I found sap of a floury nature exactly resembling European sago. A grove of sugar-canes lay in our homeward way, and not to return empty-handed, we gathered a large bundle of the sweet dainty, not forgetting to refresh ourselves.

"Candle-making to-day!" exclaimed the boys, when they rose next morning; and they gave me no rest till I promised to attempt to make candles of the wax-plant berries.

We filled a saucepan and, placing it over the fire, produced in a little time a considerable quantity of beautiful green wax. While melting the berries, we prepared a number of wicks from threads of sail-cloth, dipped them quickly and carefully in the wax, and then hung them in the air to dry. This operation we repeated two or three times, till the wicks had taken sufficient wax to form candles. Although they were far inferior in roundness and size to those at home, they threw around us such a clear, bright light, that we were overjoyed with the results.

There would be no occasion now for us to go to bed at sunset, for this light would serve us in our tree-castle apartment in a most convenient manner.

This success encouraged me to make an attempt of another description. Among the articles on board the ship we found no churn. I therefore resolved to try a plan, a description of which I had read. I chose the largest of our calabash bottles, and, after filling it half full of cream, closed it tightly. Then I placed four stakes in the ground, tied to them a piece of sail-cloth by the four corners, and laid the bottle upon it. At each side I stationed one of the boys, and desired them to roll it backwards and forwards, by alternately raising the cloth, so as to keep it in constant agitation.

This performance proved capital fun; and the boys kept it up with jokes and laughter for more than half an hour, when I opened the bottle, and found, to our great joy, that some really good butter had been churned.

Another and much more difficult undertaking was on my mind, which for a long time had seemed impracticable. The sledge was not only inconvenient, but very heavy for our animals to draw; and as we had brought four cart wheels from the wreck, I wished to construct a little cart.

I determined to try what I could do, and after some difficulty succeeded in constructing a sort of carriage which, though not elegant in appearance, would, I knew, be very useful.

In the meantime my family at Tent House were employed daily in planting the European fruit trees which I had brought from the wreck. The vines were placed near

the arched roots, for they required air and a shady place; but the oranges, citrons, mulberries, olives, cherries, and other fruits containing kernels were planted on the way to the bridge over the Jackal River, where they could obtain light and warmth.

I wished also to make the rocks at Tent House a kind of fortification, as all our ammunition lay there. I resolved, therefore, to choose two slight elevations near the river, on which to fit the two cannon from the pinnace, and also to plant a thick hedge of thorns around the whole spot.

These engagements employed us for six weeks; but the hard work had completely worn out our clothes, and this with other important reasons made me consider it necessary to return to the wreck once more. I wished, if possible, to bring away one or two more of the cannon, to place on the heights of our fortification.

On the first fine day I set out in the pinnace for the wreck with the three elder boys. We found everything as we had left it; but the wind and waves had loosened the beams and damaged the powder casks. The sailors' chests were in fairly good condition, and these we placed on board the pinnace, as well as a box containing a quantity of ball and shot and two small cannon.

On the second trip, we towed our tugboat behind the pinnace, quickly loading it with planks, doors, window-shutters, locks and bolts, and as many other precious things as we could carry.

A ROAR OF MAJESTIC THUNDER RESOUNDED FROM THE ROCKS

At last, when it seemed as if we had plundered the wreck of every useful article, I resolved to blow it up with gunpowder, in the hope that the wind and the waves would cast on shore wood and beams, as well as other articles suitable for house building, which were too heavy for us to bring away in our boats. I had discovered a large, heavy copper caldron, which I thought might be saved, so I attached it to two empty casks strong enough to support it when launched into the sea.

When ready to start, I rolled a powder barrel into the hold of the ship, fastened to it carefully the end of a fusee, and after lighting it, sprang into the boat where the boys were already seated, and with outspread sail hastened toward the shore.

We had scarcely reached the bay when a roar as of majestic thunder resounded from the rocks, and at the same moment a brilliant column of fire rising into the air announced that my plan had succeeded. A feeling of sadness came over me; it seemed as if the last tie that bound us to our dear home was broken; and when my wife and Frank, in great alarm, met us as we landed, she and the boys seemed overcome by the same sad feeling. It was as if we had lost in the ship an old and dear friend.

A night's rest enabled us to shake off all feelings of regret, especially when we saw that the beach was strewn with wooden planks and beams, while on the sea near the shore floated broken fragments of all descriptions, and

amongst them the copper caldron, floating between the two casks to which I had fastened it. Many days were employed in collecting all these useful articles, in piling them on the shore, and in covering the powder casks with earth and moss till we could store them at Tent House.

My wife, in assisting us with the wreck, made the agreeable discovery that two of our ducks and one goose had each hatched a brood, and were leading their noisy young families to the water. This reminded us of our domestic comforts at Falcon's Nest, and we determined to defer the rest of our work at Tent House, and to return the next day to our shady summer home.

On our way I observed that the newly planted fruit trees were beginning to droop, and I resolved to proceed to Cape Disappointment the next morning to cut bamboos to make props for them. We started in high spirits from Falcon's Nest, and I led my household by the newly discovered road to the plantations of potatoes, through which Fritz and I had passed, until at length we reached the bird-colony tree.

The waxberry tree soon came in sight, and the boys eagerly gathered berries enough to fill two sacks, which were stowed away safely in a spot which we should pass on our way home. When we reached the india-rubber tree, I made several incisions in the bark, from which the gum oozed freely and soon filled all our little vessels. These also were left for our homeward journey.

We continued to advance till we reached the cocoanut wood, and, leaving it on the left, presently arrived at an open spot situated between the grove of sugar-canes and the bamboo bushes, which lay at a little distance beyond. Here we paused to admire a beautiful landscape which lay stretched out before us. On our left was the sugar-cane grove, to the right the bamboos, and before us a splendid avenue of palm trees. Cape Disappointment could be seen beyond, stretching out into the deep sea.

We felt inclined to remove from Falcon's Nest, and take up our abode here; but the safety of our night castle in the great tree, and other advantages which we enjoyed at Falcon's Nest, made us decide to remain at the dear old home.

We determined, however, to make a halt for our midday meal. The animals were unharnessed from the cart and set at liberty to graze on the rich pasture, and we produced from our store of provisions enough for a slight repast for ourselves. Then we set to work to cut down and tie together bamboo and sugar-canes, in bundles of a size suitable for placing on the cart.

The boys cast longing eyes on the cocoanuts, and Fritz and Jack attempted to climb the trees, but the trunk was too large and too smooth for them, and sliding to the ground, they measured with discouraged eyes the height of the smooth and polished stem.

In this dilemma I produced rough pads of the shark's skin, and, after fastening them to their arms and knees, told them to try again, as the rough surface would enable them to rest and take breath while clinging to the stem with their knees.

Fritz and Jack made the attempt, and soon reached the top of the tree. Each took an axe from his leathern girdle and struck so bravely at the clusters of cocoanuts that they fell to the ground like hail. The boys were almost beside themselves with delight, and, coming down, received our congratulations that this wonderful gymnastic performance had turned out so well.

Ernest, who had not taken part in it, was soon seen climbing a tree on which no fruit grew. In response to a laugh from his brothers, he took his axe from his girdle, and with one or two strokes cut off the large, delicately formed leaves from the crown. "I have thrown to you a beautiful palm cabbage," he cried, "twenty times more agreeable to eat than cocoanuts. This tree is the vegetable palm."

"The boy is right," I exclaimed, as I examined a leaf, "and it is very healthful food. It grows on the top of the tree."

As the day was now far advanced, we resolved to remain for the night in this charming spot, and to build a little cabin of branches and leaves to protect ourselves from the cold wind and the dew. I had brought with

me a piece of sail-cloth, with which we could cover our little hut and protect it from the night air.

I determined that after gathering dry grass and moss for our beds, large fires and torches should be lighted to surround our cabin. These torches were easily made of dry sugar-canes, about five or six feet long, which gave a brilliant light, and would continue burning for many hours.

We laid ourselves down on the soft beds of grass and moss which the boys had collected, with loaded guns close at hand in case of danger. For a time I kept awake to replenish the fire and keep the torches lighted; but as hour after hour passed, and no wild beasts appeared, I gradually sank into a refreshing sleep.

—JOHANN DAVID WYSS.

A DAY IN JUNE[1]

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;

[1] See note on page 260.

The flush of life may well be seen
  Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
  The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
  To be some happy creature's palace.
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
  Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
  With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
  And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a rippling cheer,
  Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That the skies are clear and the grass is growing;

The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
  That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
  We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
  Tells all, in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
  Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue, —
  'Tis the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
  In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
  The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes of the season's youth,
  And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
  Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE SUMMER SHOWER

Before the stout harvesters falleth the grain,
As when the strong storm-wind is reaping the plain,
And loiters the boy in the briery lane;
But yonder aslant comes the silvery rain,
Like a long line of spears brightly burnished and tall.

Adown the white highway like cavalry fleet,
It dashes the dust with its numberless feet.
Like a murmurless school, in their leafy retreat,
The wild birds sit listening, the drops round them beat;
And the boy crouches close to the blackberry wall.

The swallows alone take the storm on their wing,
And, taunting the tree-sheltered laborers, sing;
Like pebbles the rain breaks the face of the spring,
While a bubble darts up from each widening ring;
And the boy in dismay hears the loud shower fall.

But soon are the harvesters tossing their sheaves.
The robin darts out from his bower of leaves;
The wren peereth forth from the moss-covered eaves;
And the rain-spattered urchin now gladly perceives
That the beautiful bow bendeth over them all.

— THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 't is my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls by fits.
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,

Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rain.

That orbèd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

— Percy Bysshe Shelley.

BLACK BEAUTY[1]

glimpses[2]	favorite	amiable
circuit	heather	slackened
inquire	disorderly	impatiently
invalid	exhausted	conversation

Early in the spring, Lord W—— and part of his family went to London, and took York with them. Ginger and I and some other horses were left at home for use, and the head groom was left in charge.

Lady Harriet, who remained at home, was a great invalid, and never went out in the carriage, and Lady Anne preferred riding on horseback with her brother or cousins. She was a perfect horsewoman, and as gay and gentle as she was beautiful. She chose me for her horse, and named me "Black Beauty." I enjoyed these rides very much in the clear, cold air, sometimes with Ginger, sometimes with Lizzie. Lizzie was a bright bay mare, almost thoroughbred, and a great favorite with the gentlemen on account of her fine action and lively spirit; but Ginger, who knew more of her than I did, told me she was rather nervous.

There was a gentleman by the name of Blantyre staying at the Hall. He always rode Lizzie, and praised her so much that one day Lady Anne ordered the side-

[1] See note on page 260.

[2] Find the definition and pronunciation of these words in the vocabulary.

saddle to be put on her, and the other saddle on me. When we came to the door, the gentleman seemed very uneasy.

"How is this?" he said. "Are you tired of your good Black Beauty?"

"Oh, no, not at all," she replied, "but I am amiable enough to let you ride him for once, while I try your charming Lizzie. You must confess that in size and appearance she is far more like a lady's horse than my own favorite."

"Do let me advise you not to mount her," he said. "She is a charming creature, but she is too nervous for a lady. I assure you she is not perfectly safe. Let me beg you to have the saddles changed."

"My dear cousin," said Lady Anne, laughing, "pray do not trouble about me. I have been a horsewoman ever since I was a baby, and have followed the hounds a great many times, though I know you do not approve of ladies hunting. Still, that is the fact, and I intend to try this Lizzie that you gentlemen are so fond of, so please help me to mount."

There was no more to be said. He placed her carefully on the saddle, gave the reins to her, and then mounted me. Just as we were moving off, a footman came out with a slip of paper and a message from Lady Harriet, "Would they ask this question for her at Dr. Ashley's, and bring the answer?"

The village was a mile away, and the doctor's house was the last in it. We went along gayly enough till we came to his gate. A short drive led up to the house, between tall evergreens. Blantyre alighted at the gate, and was going to open it for Lady Anne, but she said, "I will wait for you here, and you can hang Black Beauty's rein on the gate."

He looked at her doubtfully. "I will not be five minutes," he said.

"Oh, do not hurry. Lizzie and I will not run away from you."

He hung my rein on one of the iron spikes, and was soon hidden among the trees. Lizzie was standing quietly by the side of the road, a few paces off, with her back to me. My young mistress was sitting easily, with a loose rein, humming a little song. I listened to my rider's footsteps until he reached the house, and heard him knock at the door.

There was a meadow on the opposite side of the road, the gate of which stood open. As I looked, some cart horses and several young colts came trotting out in a very disorderly manner, while a boy behind was cracking a great whip. The colts were wild and frolicsome. One of them bolted across the road and blundered up against Lizzie. Whether it was the stupid colt or the loud cracking of the whip, or both together, I cannot say, but she gave a violent kick and dashed off into a headlong

gallop. It was so sudden that Lady Anne was nearly unseated, but she soon recovered herself.

I gave a long, shrill neigh for help. Again and again I neighed, pawing the ground impatiently, and tossing my head to get the rein loose. I had not long to wait. Blantyre came running to the gate. He looked anxiously about, and just caught sight of the flying figure now far away on the road. In an instant he sprang to the saddle. I needed no whip, no spur, for I was as eager as my rider. He saw it; and giving me a free rein, and leaning a little forward, we dashed after them.

For about a mile and a half the road ran straight, then bent to the right; after this it divided into two roads. Long before we came to the bend my mistress was out of sight. Which way had she turned? A woman was standing at her garden gate, shading her eyes with her hand, and looking eagerly up the road. Scarcely drawing rein, Lord Blantyre shouted, "Which way?" "To the right!" cried the woman, pointing with her hand, and away we went up the right-hand road. For a moment we caught sight of Lady Anne; another bend, and she was hidden again. Several times we caught glimpses of the flying rider, only to lose her again. We scarcely seemed to gain ground upon her at all.

An old road-mender was standing near a heap of stones, his shovel dropped and his hands raised. As we came near he made a sign to speak. Lord Blantyre drew

the rein a little. "To the common, to the common, sir! She has turned off there."

I knew this common very well. It was, for the most part, very uneven ground, covered with heather and dark-green bushes, with here and there a scrubby thorn tree. There were also open spaces of fine, short grass, with ant-hills and mole-turns everywhere — the worst place I ever knew for a headlong gallop.

We had just turned on to the common, when we caught sight again of the green habit flying on before us. My mistress's hat was gone, and her long brown hair was streaming behind her. Her head and body were thrown back, as if she were pulling with all her remaining strength, and as if that strength were nearly exhausted. It was clear that the roughness of the ground had very much lessened Lizzie's speed, and there seemed a chance that we might overtake her.

While we were on the highroad, Lord Blantyre had given me my head; but now, with a light hand and a practised eye, he guided me over the ground in such a masterly manner that my pace was scarcely slackened, and we gained on them every moment.

About halfway across the common a wide dike had recently been cut and the earth from the cutting cast up roughly on the other side. Surely this would stop them! But no; scarcely pausing, Lizzie took the leap, stumbled among the rough clods, and fell.

Lord Blantyre groaned, "Now, Black Beauty, do your best!" He gave me a steady rein. I gathered myself together, and with one determined leap cleared both dike and bank.

Motionless among the heather lay my poor young mistress. Lord Blantyre kneeled down and called her name; there was no sound. Gently he turned her face upward; it was ghastly white and the eyes were closed.

"Anne, Anne, do speak!" There was no answer. Then he stood up and looked wildly round him for help. At no great distance there were two men cutting turf, who, seeing Lizzie running wild without a rider, had left their work to catch her.

Lord Blantyre's call soon brought them to the spot. The foremost man seemed much troubled at the sight and asked what he could do.

"Can you ride?"

"Well, sir, I am not much of a horseman, but I'd risk my neck for Lady Anne; she was very kind to my wife this winter."

"Then mount this horse, my friend, — your neck will be quite safe, — and ride to the Doctor's and ask him to come instantly; then on to the Hall; tell them all you know, and bid them send me the carriage with Lady Anne's maid. I shall stay here."

"All right, sir, I'll do my best; and I hope the dear young lady may open her eyes soon."

Then seeing the other man he called out, "Here, Joe, run for some water."

He then somehow scrambled into the saddle, and with a "gee up" and a clap on my sides with both his legs, he started on his journey, making a little circuit to avoid the dike. He had no whip, which seemed to trouble him; but my pace soon cured that difficulty, and he found the best thing he could do was to stick to the saddle and hold me in, which he did manfully. I shook him as little as I could help, but once or twice on the rough ground he called out, "Steady! Whoa! Steady!" On the highroad we were all right; and at the Doctor's and the Hall he did his errand like a good man and true. They asked him to rest a minute. "No, no," he said; "I'll be back to them again by a short cut through the fields, and be there before the carriage."

There was a great deal of hurry and excitement after the news became known. I was just turned into my box; the saddle and bridle were taken off, and a cloth thrown over me.

Ginger was saddled and sent off in great haste for Lord George, and I soon heard the carriage roll out of the yard.

It seemed a long time before Ginger came back, and before we were left alone; then she told me all that she had seen.

"I can't tell much," she said. "We galloped nearly

all the way, and got there just as the Doctor rode up. There was a woman sitting on the ground with the lady's head in her lap. The Doctor poured something into her mouth, but all that I heard was, 'She is not dead.' Then I was led off by a man to a little distance. After a while she was taken to the carriage, and we came home together. I heard my master say to a gentleman who stopped him to inquire, that he hoped no bones were broken, but that she had not spoken yet."

Two days after the accident, Lord Blantyre paid me a visit; he patted me and praised me very much; he told Lord George that he was sure I knew of Lady Anne's danger as well as he did. "I could not have held him in if I would," said he. "Lady Anne ought never to ride any other horse."

I found by their conversation that my young mistress was now out of danger, and would soon be able to ride again. This was good news to me, and I looked forward to a happy life.

— ANNA SEWELL.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand
Little flower — but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

DON QUIXOTE AND THE LION[1]

league[2]	mien	scabbard	experience
absorbed	temerity	invisible	compulsion
stirrup	demeanor	accountable	intrepidity
perceive	arrogant	fortitude	apparition
compact	enterprise	Rocinante	lamentations

Absorbed in his thoughts, Don Quixote had not proceeded more than half a league from the river when, raising his head, he perceived a cart covered with royal flags coming along the road they were travelling, and persuaded that this must be some new adventure, he called aloud to Sancho to bring him his helmet.

As Sancho approached, Don Quixote exclaimed to him, "Give me that helmet, my friend, for either I know little of adventures or what I observe yonder is one that will, and does, call on me to arm myself."

Sancho, on hearing this, looked in all directions, but could perceive nothing, except a cart coming toward them with two or three small flags, which led him to conclude it must be carrying treasure of the king's, and he said so to Don Quixote.

He, however, would not believe Sancho, being always persuaded and convinced that all that happened to himself

[1] See note on page 260.

[2] Find the definition and pronunciation of these words in the vocabulary.

must be adventures and still more adventures, so he replied, "He who is prepared has his battle half fought; nothing is lost by my preparing myself, for I know by experience that I have enemies, visible and invisible, and I know not when, or where, or at what moment, or in what shapes, they will attack me."

Don Quixote put on his helmet, and settling himself firmly in his stirrups, easing his sword in the scabbard, and grasping his lance, cried out, "Now, come who will, here am I, ready to try conclusions with any one."

By this time the cart with the flags had come up, unattended by any one except the carter on a mule, and a man sitting before the door of the cart. Don Quixote planted himself before it, and said: "Whither are you going, brothers? What cart is this? What have you got in it? What flags are those?"

To this the carter replied, "The cart is mine; what is in it is a pair of fine caged lions, which the governor of Oran is sending to court as a present to his Majesty, and the flags are our lord the king's, to show that this is his property."

"Are the lions large?" asked Don Quixote.

"So large," replied the man who sat at the door of the cart, "that larger have never crossed from Africa to Spain. I am the keeper, and I have brought over others, but never any like these. They are hungry now, for they have eaten nothing to-day, so let your worship stand aside,

for we must make haste to the place where we are to feed them."

Hereon, smiling slightly, Don Quixote exclaimed, "Get down, my good fellow, and as you are the keeper, open the cages and turn me out those beasts, and in the midst of this plain I will let them know who Don Quixote of La Mancha is, in spite and in the teeth of the enchanters who sent them to me."

At this instant Sancho came up, saying to the keeper of the lions, "Señor, do something to keep my master Don Quixote, from tackling those lions; for if he does, they'll tear us all to pieces here."

"Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you leave this business to me," and then turning to the keeper he exclaimed: —

"By all that's good, Sir Keeper, if you don't open the cages this very instant, I'll pin you to the cart with this lance."

The carter, seeing the determination of this apparition in armor, said to him, "Please your worship, let me unyoke the mules, and place myself in safety along with them before the lions are turned out, for if they kill the mules, I am ruined for life. All I possess is this cart and mules."

"O man of little faith," replied Don Quixote, "get down and unyoke; you will soon see that you are exerting yourself for nothing, and that you might have spared yourself the trouble."

The carter got down, and with all speed unyoked the mules, and the keeper called out at the top of his voice, "I call all here to witness that against my will and under compulsion I open the cages and let the lions loose, and that I warn this gentleman that he will be accountable for all the harm and mischief which these beasts may do, and for my salary and dues as well." Then speaking to the carter and Sancho he said, "You, gentlemen, place yourselves in safety before I open, for I know they will do me no harm."

Sancho, with tears in his eyes, entreated his master to give up an enterprise compared with which all the feats he had attempted in the whole course of his life were cakes and fancy bread. "Look ye, señor," said Sancho, "there's no enchantment here, not anything of the sort, for between the bars and chinks of the cage I have seen the paw of a real lion, and judging by that I reckon that such a paw could belong to a lion much bigger than a mountain."

"Fear, at any rate," replied Don Quixote, "will make him look bigger to thee than half the world. Retire, Sancho, and leave me, and if I die here thou knowest our old compact: thou wilt repair to Dulcinea. I say no more." And renewing his commands to the keeper, and repeating his threats, he gave warning to Sancho to spur his Dapple, and the carter to drive his mules, and both strove to get away from the cart before the lions broke loose.

Sancho was weeping over his master's death, for this time he firmly believed it was in store for him from the claws of the lions; but with all his tears and lamentations he did not forget to thrash Dapple so as to put a good space between himself and the cart.

The keeper once more entreated and warned Don Quixote as he had entreated and warned him before; but he replied that he heard him, and that he need not trouble himself with any further warnings or entreaties, as they would be fruitless, and bade him make haste.

During the delay that occurred while the keeper was opening the cage, Don Quixote was considering whether it would not be well to do battle on foot instead of on horseback, and finally resolved to fight on foot, fearing that Rocinante might take fright at the sight of the lions; he therefore sprang off his horse, flung his lance aside, braced his buckler on his arm, and drawing his sword, advanced slowly with marvellous intrepidity and resolute courage, to plant himself in front of the cart, commending himself with all his heart, first to God and then to his lady Dulcinea.

The keeper, seeing that Don Quixote had taken up his position, and that it was impossible for him to avoid letting out the lions without incurring the enmity of the fiery and daring knight, flung open the doors of the cage, containing, as has been said, the lion, which was now seen to be of enormous size, and grim and hideous mien.

DON QUIXOTE ENCOUNTERS THE LION

The first thing the lion did was to turn round in the cage in which he lay, and protrude his claws and stretch himself thoroughly; he next opened his mouth and yawned very leisurely; having done this he put his head out of the cage and looked all round with eyes like glowing coals, a spectacle and demeanor to strike terror into temerity itself. Don Quixote merely observed him steadily, longing for him to leap from the cart and come to close quarters with him, when he hoped to hew him to pieces.

So far did his unparalleled madness go; but the noble lion, more courteous than arrogant, not troubling himself about silly bravado, after having looked all around, as has been said, turned about and very coolly and tranquilly lay down again in the cage. Seeing this, Don Quixote ordered the keeper to take a stick to him and provoke him to make him come out.

"That I will not," said the keeper; "for if I anger him, the first he'll tear in pieces will be myself. Be satisfied, Sir Knight, with what you have done, which leaves nothing more to be said on the score of courage, and do not seek to tempt fortune a second time. The lion has the door open; he is free to come out or not to come out; but as he has not come out so far, he will not come out today. The greatness of your worship's courage has been fully manifested already; no brave champion, so it strikes me, is bound to do more than challenge his enemy and

wait for him on the field; if his adversary does not come, on him lies the disgrace, and he who waits for him carries off the crown of victory."

"That is true," said Don Quixote; "close the door, my friend, and let me have, in the best form thou canst, what thou hast seen me do, by way of certificate; to wit, that thou didst open the door of the lion's cage, that I waited for him, and that he did not come out. I am not bound to do more; enchantments avaunt, and God uphold the right, the truth, and true chivalry! Close the door, as I bade thee, while I make signals to the fugitives that have left us, that they may learn this exploit from thy lips."

The keeper obeyed, and Don Quixote, fixing his kerchief on the point of his lance, proceeded to recall the others, who still continued to fly, looking back at every step. Sancho, however, happening to observe the signal, exclaimed, "May I die if my master has not overcome the wild beasts, for he is calling to us."

They stopped, and perceived that it was Don Quixote who was making signals, and shaking off their fears to some extent, they approached slowly until they were near enough to hear distinctly Don Quixote's voice calling to them. They returned at length to the cart, and as they came up, Don Quixote said to the carter, "Put your mules to the cart once more, brother, and continue your journey; and do thou, Sancho, give him two gold crowns for him-

self and the keeper, to compensate for the delay they have incurred through me."

"That will I give with all my heart," said Sancho; "but what has become of the lions? Are they dead or alive?"

The keeper then in full detail, and bit by bit, described the end of the contest, exalting to the best of his power and ability the valor of Don Quixote, at the sight of whom the lion quailed, and would not and dared not come out of the cage, although he had held the door open ever so long; and showing how, in consequence of his having represented to the knight that it was tempting God to provoke the lion in order to force him out, which he wished to have done, he very reluctantly, and altogether against his will, had allowed the door to be closed.

"What dost thou think of this, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "Are there any enchantments that can prevail against true valor? The enchanters may be able to rob me of good fortune, but of fortitude and courage they cannot."

Sancho paid the crowns, the keeper kissed Don Quixote's hands for the bounty bestowed on him, and promised to give an account of the valiant exploit to the king himself, as soon as he saw him at court. The cart went its way, and Don Quixote and Sancho went theirs.

— MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

DON QUIXOTE, KNIGHT-ERRANT[1]

reals[2]	draught	virtuous	imminent
rabble	fortress	destined	transform
ruffian	valorous	immured	vanquished
frŭstrate	scoundrel	distinction	contemplated

Don Quixote pursued his journey with satisfaction and complacency, fancying himself the most valorous knight-errant in the world because of his late victory. He, however, met with no further adventure that day, and at the approach of evening he returned to spend the night in the grove where he had vanquished the Knight of the Mirrors. Don Quixote settled himself at the foot of an elm and Sancho at the foot of a beech, for trees of this kind and others like them have feet but no hands. With the appearance of daylight they pursued their journey, and they had not been long on the way when they came to the banks of a river. The sight of it was a great delight to Don Quixote as he contemplated the clearness of its stream, the gentleness of its current, and the abundance of its crystal waters.

The Don and his squire had just begun to follow down the stream when they discovered a small boat, without oars or any other gear, that lay at the water's edge, tied to the trunk of a tree growing on the bank. Don Quixote

[1] See note on page 260.

[2] Find the definition and pronunciation of these words in the vocabulary.

looked all round, and seeing nobody, at once dismounted from Rocinante and bade Sancho get down from Dapple and tie both beasts securely to the trunk of a poplar or willow that stood near by. Sancho asked him the reason of this sudden dismounting and tying.

Don Quixote made answer: "Thou must know, Sancho, that this bark here is plainly calling and inviting me to enter it, and in it to go to give aid to some knight or other person of distinction in need of it, who is no doubt in some sore strait; for that is the way of the books of chivalry and of the enchanters who figure and speak in them. When a knight is involved in some difficulty from which he cannot be delivered save from the hand of another knight, though they may be at a distance of two or three thousand leagues one from the other, they either take him up on a cloud, or they provide a bark for him to get into, and in less than a twinkling of an eye they carry him where they will and where his help is required; and so, Sancho, this bark is placed here for the same purpose; tie Dapple and Rocinante together and let us proceed."

"As that's the case," said Sancho, "there's nothing for it but to obey; but for all that I must warn your worship that in my opinion this bark is no enchanted one, but belongs to some of the fishermen of the river."

As Sancho said this he tied the beasts, leaving them to the care and protection of the enchanters.

"Now they are tied," said Sancho, "what are we to do next?"

"What?" said Don Quixote, "weigh anchor; I mean embark and cut the moorings by which the bark is held;" and jumping into it, followed by Sancho, he cut the rope, and the bark began to drift slowly from the bank.

When Sancho saw himself about two yards out in the river, he began to tremble and give himself up for lost; but nothing distressed him more than hearing Dapple bray and seeing Rocinante struggling to get loose, and said he to his master: "Dapple is braying in grief at our leaving him, and Rocinante is trying to escape and plunge in after us. O dear friends, peace be with you, and may this madness that is taking us away from you turn into sober sense and bring us back to you."

They now came in sight of some water-mills, and the instant Don Quixote saw them he cried out to Sancho: "Seest thou there, my friend? There stands the city, castle, or fortress, where there is, no doubt, some knight or ill-used queen in aid of whom I am brought hither."

"What is your worship talking about, señor?" said Sancho; "don't you see that those are mills to grind corn?"

"Hold thy peace, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "though they look like mills they are not so; I have already told thee that enchantments transform things and change their proper shapes."

By this time the boat, having reached the middle of the stream, began to move less slowly. The millers, when they saw the boat coming down the river, and on the point of being sucked in by the draft of the wheels, ran out in haste, several of them with long poles to stop it. They raised loud shouts, crying, "Are you mad? Do you want to drown yourselves, or dash yourselves to pieces among these wheels?"

"Did I not tell thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote at this, "that we had reached the place where I am to show what the might of my arm can do? See what ruffians and villains come out against me; see what monsters oppose me; see what hideous countenances come to frighten me! You shall see, scoundrels!"

Then standing up in the boat he began in a loud voice to hurl threats at the millers, exclaiming, "Ill-conditioned and worse-counselled rabble, restore to liberty and freedom the person ye hold imprisoned in this your fortress, for I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, for whom it is reserved to give a happy issue to this adventure."

So saying he drew his sword and began making passes in the air at the millers, who, hearing him but not understanding his nonsense, strove to stop the boat, which was now getting into the rushing channel of the wheels. Sancho fell on his knees, devoutly appealing to Heaven to deliver him from such imminent peril, which it did by the activity and quickness of the millers, who, pushing

against the boat with their poles, stopped it; not, however, without upsetting it and throwing Don Quixote and Sancho into the water.

Lucky it was for Don Quixote that he could swim like a goose, though the weight of his armor carried him twice to the bottom. The millers plunged in and hoisted them both out, and more drenched than thirsty, they were landed. The fishermen, the owners of the boat, which the mill-wheels had dashed to pieces, now came up, and seeing it smashed they proceeded to demand payment for it from Don Quixote; but he with great calmness told the millers and fishermen that he would pay for the bark most cheerfully, on condition that they delivered up to him, free and unhurt, the person or persons that were imprisoned in that castle of theirs.

"What persons or what castle art thou talking of, madman?" said one of the millers; "art thou for carrying off the people who come to grind corn in these mills?"

"That's enough," said Don Quixote to himself; "it would be preaching in the desert to attempt by entreaties to induce this rabble to do any virtuous action. In this adventure two mighty enchanters must have encountered one another, and one frustrates what the other attempts. One provided the bark for me, and the other upset me. I can do no more." And then turning toward the mills he said aloud, "Friends, whoever ye be that are immured in that prison, forgive me that I cannot deliver you

from your misery; this adventure is doubtless reserved and destined for some other knight."

So saying he settled with the fishermen, and paid fifty reals for the boat, which Sancho handed to them very much against his will, saying, "With a couple more bark businesses like this we shall have sunk our whole capital."

The fishermen and the millers stood staring in amazement at the two figures, so very different to all appearance from ordinary men, and were wholly unable to make out the drift of the observations and questions Don Quixote addressed to them; and coming to the conclusion that they were madmen, they left them and betook themselves, the millers to their mills, and the fishermen to their huts. Don Quixote and Sancho returned to their beasts, and this was the end of the adventure of the enchanted bark.

—Miguel de Cervantes.

THE OWL

In the hollow tree in the gray old tower,
The spectral owl doth dwell;
Dull, hated, despised in the sunshine hour,
But at dusk, — he's abroad and well:
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him;
All mock him outright by day;
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,
The boldest will shrink away;

O, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,
Then, then is the reign of the hornèd owl!

And the owl hath a bride who is fond and bold,
And loveth the wood's deep gloom;
And with eyes like the shine of the moonshine cold
She awaiteth her ghastly groom!
Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,
As she waits in her tree so still;
But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,
She hoots out her welcome shrill!
O, when the moon shines, and the dogs do howl,
Then, then is the cry of the hornèd owl!

Mourn not for the owl nor his gloomy plight!
The owl hath his share of good;
If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,
He is lord in the dark green wood!
Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate;
They are each unto each a pride —
Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange, dark fate
Hath rent them from all beside!
So when the night falls, and dogs do howl,
Sing, Ho! for the reign of the hornèd owl!
We know not alway who are kings by day,
But the king of the night is the bold brown owl.

— Barry Cornwall.

ANSELMO [1]

convey [2]	haggard	desperate	dungeon
beseech	daunted	captivity	populated
recesses	solitary	conclusion	reconciled
domino	carnival	diligently	triumphant
desolate	advancing	frequently	proclaimed

There was once a young Italian noble, whose elder brother loved him much; he had moreover saved his life, and had reconciled him to his father, who had become greatly offended with him.

As might be expected, the youth returned this affection, and after the death of the father these brothers lived together, the younger obeying the elder, and behaving to him in all respects like a son.

Once, on a certain day, however, a long separation came between them; for the elder went out in the morning as usual, but he never returned again to his house. His young brother was first surprised, then alarmed. He proclaimed his loss, he searched the country, caused the waters to be searched, and sought in all the recesses of that old Italian city; but it was of no avail; his brother was gone, and none could tell him whither.

Anselmo heard nothing from his brother for more than six months. Then, one night, as he was knocking at

[1] See note on page 261.

[2] Find the definition and pronunciation of these words in the vocabulary.

his own door for admittance, a figure in a domino came up to him and put a note into his hand, at the same time whispering his brother's name. It was during the time of the carnival, when it is so much the custom for people to wear disguises that such things excite no surprise. Anselmo would have seized the stranger by the hand, but he quickly disappeared in the crowd; and full of wonder and anxiety, the young man read the letter which had been thrust into his hand.

"Anselmo, I live! I am well! I beseech thee, as thou lovest me, fail not to do for me what I shall require. Go thou every night down the lane that leads along the south wall of the palace; ten paces from the last window thou shalt find a narrow slit in the wall; bring with thee a dark lantern, and into that slit do thou place it, turning the light inward, that thou may not be discovered. Thou shalt be at the place every night at twelve, and thou shalt stay until the clock striketh one. So do, and one night I will meet thee there. Thy loving brother prays thee not to fail."

That very night Anselmo went out, unattended, in hopes of meeting his brother. He carried a lantern, and proceeded to the unfrequented lane pointed out in the letter. It was a desolate place, in a thinly populated quarter of the city. By the faint light of the moon he counted the windows, and found the slit in the wall, which was deep, and fenced on the river side with an iron

grating. Into this slit he placed his lantern, and then began to look about him and consider why his brother should have chosen such a place for their meeting.

Not far off ran the river; and he did not doubt that by water his brother would come, for it was evident that he feared to show himself in the streets of the city. Anselmo started once or twice during his solitary watch, for he thought he distinguished the splash of an oar, and then an advancing footstep; but he was mistaken. His brother did not come to meet him that night, nor the next, nor the one after; and when he had come to await him every night for a fortnight, he began to get sick at heart.

And yet there was no way but this; he was to watch until his brother came. It was his only chance of seeing him; and he went on without once failing for eleven months and twenty days.

In order that he might do this more secretly, he frequently changed his lodgings; for, as the time wore on, he began to fear that his brother might have enemies, and he felt that the greatest caution was required, lest his constant visits to that quarter of the city might lead to suspicion.

A strange piece of blind obedience, and of trust in his brother this seemed, even to himself. What appeared to him the strangest part of the letter was the entreaty that he would always bring a lantern. "As if there

could be any fear," he thought, "of my not recognizing his step, or as if it could be likely that more men than one could be standing by that solitary corner." But Anselmo watched on, though hope became faint, even in his strong and patient heart.

The clock struck one. "Eleven months," said he, "and one-and-twenty days! I will watch for thee the year out." He put his hand into the slit in the wall and withdrew his lantern; it was dying in the socket. "What," said he, "is the light also weary of watching?"

He turned, and as he did so a heavy stone near his feet was raised from beneath, and up from under the earth came his brother.

"Thy cloak — quick! Cover me with it," he whispered. "Hide my prison garments."

"Thy prison garments!" repeated Anselmo faintly; for he was startled and amazed.

His brother took the cloak and wrapped himself in it. It was not so dark but that Anselmo could see that his feet were bare and his face haggard. He took the lantern and threw it down, beckoning toward the river. "Let it lie," he said to his young brother.

"I am sorry the light has gone out just when it is wanted," said Anselmo; for he was still amazed, and scarcely knew what he was talking about.

"Eleven months and twenty-one days hath it served me well," his brother replied; "nothing else, whether

alive or dead, saving thyself only, will serve me so well again."

What a strange thing this was to hear; but the walls of the old Italian city echoed the sound so softly that none awoke to listen, and the two figures, gliding under the deep shadow of the houses, passed away, and were seen there no more.

By morning dawn a vessel left the harbor, and two brothers stood upon the deck, bidding farewell to their native country. One was young, the other had a wan face, and hands hardened by labor; but the prison dress was gone, and both were clad in the usual costume of their rank and order.

"And now that we are safe and together," said Anselmo, "I pray thee tell me thy story. Why didst thou keep me waiting so long, and where didst thou rise from at last?"

"That I can tell thee at all is thy doing," answered his brother, "because thou didst never fail to bring me the lantern."

And then, while the gray Italian shores grew faint in the sunny distance, and all hearts began to turn toward the new world, whither the vessel was bound, Anselmo's brother descended into the cabin, and there told him, with many expressions of affection, the story of his imprisonment and escape.

On the night when he disappeared he was surrounded

by a number of his enemies, but after making a desperate defence, he was overpowered and thrown into prison. In a dreadful dungeon he lay until his wounds were healed, and then, for some reason unknown to himself, he was given into the keeping of his worst enemy. By this enemy he was taken to the palace and confined in a dungeon, that, as he said, "nothing it seemed could have broken through, unless his teeth had been strong enough to eat through the wall."

Almost every hour in the day his enemy came and looked at him through a hole in the door, his food was given him by means of this same hole; and when he complained of the want of bedding, they gave him, also by means of the small opening, a thin mattress and two coarse rugs to cover him.

This dungeon contained nothing but one large chest, placed against the wall and half filled with heavy stones. In the daytime light came through the little slit in the wall; but in daylight he could do nothing, for his enemy's eyes were frequently upon him. From twelve o'clock till three in the night were the only hours when all his jailers slept; and then it was dark, and he could do nothing but feel the strength and thickness of the wall. A hopeless task, indeed, to break it down with one poor pair of hands!

But, after months of misery and despair, one of the jailers took pity on him, and asked him whether there

was anything he could do to help him to endure his captivity better. "Yes," said the poor prisoner; "I have been a studious man, and if I could now read, it would help me to forget my misery. I dare not read in the daytime, for my enemy would not allow me to have such a solace; but in the night, if I could have a light in the slit, I could read while my enemy sleeps."

The jailer was frightened, and told him not to think of it; yet, when he looked at the height of the slit and its small size, and heard the words which were to convey this request for a light, and knew that they told nothing as to where Anselmo's brother was, he consented to convey them, first getting a promise that he would never attempt to speak to his brother, even if he should find it possible.

Whether this jailer felt certain that he never could escape, whether he was partly willing to aid in his escape, or whether he pitied him, and thought no harm could come of the light, is not known; certain it is that he searched the dungeon diligently every night, and examined the iron protections of the slit. It was far above the prisoner's head, and when the jailer found that all was safe, he appeared satisfied; yet the work of breaking through the wall began the first night of the lantern, and never ceased until it came to a triumphant conclusion.

The great chest, as has been said, was half full of heavy stones. As soon as the light enabled him to act

with certainty and perfect quiet, he laid his mattress and rugs beside it, opened its lid, took every stone out in turn, and placed it on the mattress. Then, exerting all his strength, he lifted the chest away, and began to undermine the stones behind it and under it.

With wonderful skill and caution he went gradually on; but it took twenty minutes of labor to empty the chest, and twenty minutes to fill it, with equal quiet. There remained, therefore, only twenty minutes in which to perform the rest of his labor.

But for the light, he would have been obliged to handle the stones with less certainty, and, of course, the least noise would have caused all to be discovered. How little could be done each night becomes evident when it is remembered that the stone and rubbish which he displaced had to be put back again, and the chest returned to the same position before the light was withdrawn.

For nine months he made little progress, and for the next two months the difficulty of disposing of the rubbish daunted him; but the last night such a quantity of earth caved in that he resolved to make a daring effort to escape. He crept through the hole, and shielding his head with one arm, pushed upward with the other. More and more earth fell, and at last, nearly suffocated, he applied all his strength to the flat stone that it had left bare, pushed it up, and escaped to life and freedom.

—JEAN INGELOW.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

"Build me straight, O worthy master!
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

The merchant's word,
Delighted, the Master heard;
For his heart was in his work, and the heart
Giveth grace unto every Art.

A quiet smile played round his lips,
As the eddies and dimples of the tide
Play round the bows of ships,
That steadily at anchor ride.
And with a voice that was full of glee,
He answered, "Ere long we will launch
A vessel as goodly and strong and stanch,
As ever weathered a wintry sea!"
And first with nicest skill and art,
Perfect and finished in every part,
A little model the Master wrought,
Which should be to the larger plan
What the child is to the man,
Its counterpart in miniature;
That with a hand more swift and sure
The greater labor might be brought

To answer to his inward thought.
And as he labored, his mind ran o'er
The various ships that were built of yore,
And above them all, and strangest of all
Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall,
Whose picture was hanging on the wall,
With bows and stern raised high in air,
And balconies hanging here and there,
And signal lanterns and flags afloat,
And eight round towers, like those that frown
From some old castle, looking down
Upon the drawbridge and the moat.
And he said with a smile, "Our ship, I wis,
Shall be of another form than this!"

It was of another form, indeed;
Built for freight, and yet for speed,
A beautiful and gallant craft;
Broad in the beam, that the stress of the blast,
Pressing down upon sail and mast,
Might not the sharp bows overwhelm;
Broad in the beam, but sloping aft
With graceful curve and slow degrees,
That she might be docile to the helm,
And that the currents of parted seas,
Closing behind, with mighty force,
Might aid and not impede her course.

In the shipyard stood the Master,
With the model of the vessel,
That should laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!

Covering many a rood of ground,
Lay the timber piled around;
Timber of chestnut and elm and oak,
And scattered here and there, with these,
The knarred and crooked cedar knees;
Brought from regions far away,
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke!
Ah! what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word, can set in motion!
There's not a ship that sails the ocean,
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help to build the wooden wall!

The sun was rising o'er the sea,
And long the level shadows lay,
As if they, too, the beams would be
Of some great, airy argosy,
Framed and launched in a single day.
That silent architect, the sun,
Had hewn and laid them every one,

Ere the work of man was yet begun.
Beside the Master, when he spoke,
A youth, against an anchor leaning,
Listened, to catch his slightest meaning.
Only the long waves, as they broke
In ripples on the pebbly beach,
Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth,
The old man and the fiery youth!
The old man, in whose busy brain
Many a ship that sailed the main
Was modelled o'er and o'er again;—
The fiery youth, who was to be
The heir of his dexterity,
The heir of his house, and his daughter's hand,
When he had built and launched from land
What the elder head had planned.

"Thus," said he, "will we build this ship!
Lay square the blocks upon the slip,
And follow well this plan of mine.
Choose the timbers with greatest care;
Of all that is unsound beware;
For only what is sound and strong
To this vessel shall belong.
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine

Here together shall combine.
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,
And the UNION be her name!
For the day that gives her to the sea
Shall give my daughter unto thee!"

The Master's word
Enraptured the young man heard;
And as he turned his face aside,
With a look of joy and a thrill of pride,
Standing before
Her father's door,
He saw the form of his promised bride.
The sun shone on her golden hair,
And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair,
With the breath of morn and the soft sea air.
Like a beauteous barge was she,
Still at rest on the sandy beach,
Just beyond the billow's reach;
But he
Was the restless, seething, stormy sea!

Ah, how skilful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love's command!
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth Love's behest
Far excelleth all the rest!

Thus with the rising of the sun
Was the noble task begun,
And soon throughout the shipyard's bounds
Were heard the intermingled sounds
Of axes and of mallets, plied
With vigorous arms on every side;
Plied so deftly and so well,
That, e'er the shadows of evening fell,
The keel of oak for a noble ship,
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,
Was lying ready, and stretched along
The blocks, well placed upon the slip.
Happy, thrice happy, every one
Who sees his labor well begun,
And not perplexed and multiplied,
By idly waiting for time and tide!

And when the hot, long day was o'er,
The young man at the Master's door
Sat with the maiden calm and still.
And within the porch, a little more
Removed beyond the evening chill,
The father sat, and told them tales
Of wrecks in the great September gales,
Of pirates coasting the Spanish Main,
And ships that never came back again,
The chance and change of a sailor's life,

Want and plenty, rest and strife,
His roving fancy, like the wind,
That nothing can stay and nothing can bind,
And the magic charm of foreign lands,
With shadows of palms, and shining sands,
Where the tumbling surf,
O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,
Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar,
As he lies alone and asleep on the turf.
And the trembling maiden held her breath
At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea,
With all its terror and mystery,
The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death,
That divides and yet unites mankind!
And whenever the old man paused, a gleam
From the bowl of his pipe would awhile illume
The silent group in the twilight gloom,
And thoughtful faces, as in a dream.

Day by day the vessel grew,
With timbers fashioned strong and true,
Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee,
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,
A skeleton ship rose up to view!
And around the bows and along the side
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,
Till after many a week, at length,

Wonderful for form and strength,
Sublime in its enormous bulk,
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!
And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing,
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething
Caldron, that glowed,
And overflowed
With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.
And amid the clamors
Of clattering hammers,
He who listened heard now and then
The song of the Master and his men: —

"Build me straight, O worthy Master,
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

With oaken brace and copper band,
Lay the rudder on the sand,
That, like a thought, should have control
Over the movement of the whole;
And near it the anchor, whose giant hand
Would reach down and grapple with the land,
And immovable and fast,
Hold the great ship against the bellowing blast.
And at the bows an image stood,

By a cunning artist carved in wood,
With robes of white, that far behind
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.
It was not shaped in a classic mould,
Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,
Or Naiad rising from the water,
But modelled from the Master's daughter!
On many a dreary and misty night,
'Twill be seen by the rays of the signal light,
Speeding along through the rain and the dark,
Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,
The pilot of some phantom bark,
Guiding the vessel, in its flight,
By a path none other knows aright!
Behold, at last,
Each tall and tapering mast
Is swung into its place;
Shrouds and stays
Holding it firm and fast!

Long ago,
In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,
When upon mountain and plain
Lay the snow,
They fell, — those lordly pines!
Those grand, majestic pines!
'Mid shouts and cheers

The jaded steers,
Panting beneath the goad,
Dragged down the weary, winding road
Those captive kings so straight and tall,
To be shorn of their streaming hair,
And, naked and bare,
To feel the stress and the strain
Of the wind and the reeling main,
Whose roar
Would remind them forevermore
Of their native forest they should not see again.

And everywhere
The slender, graceful spars
Poise aloft in the air,
And at the masthead,
White, blue, and red,
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.
Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,
In foreign harbors shall behold
That flag unrolled,
'Twill be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless.

All is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day

Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.
He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.
On the deck another bride

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

Is standing by her lover's side.
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,
Like the shadows cast by clouds,
Broken by many a sunny fleck,
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,
The service read,
The joyous bridegroom bows his head;
And in tears the good old Master
Shakes the brown hand of his son,
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek
In silence, for he cannot speak,
And ever faster
Down his own the tears began to run.
The worthy pastor —
The shepherd of that wandering flock,
That has the ocean for its wold,
That has the vessel for its fold,
Leaping ever from rock to rock —
Spake, with accents mild and clear,
Words of warning, words of cheer,
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.

"Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound are we.
Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,

Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,
And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brink.
Ah! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.
Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy, and not of fear!"

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,

Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts, — she moves, — she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave right onward steer.
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife!
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!

For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER[1]

PART I

Baucis[2]	amends	Philemon	benign
yonder	aspect	clambered	foretold
distaff	extremity	hospitality	perceived
frugal	gratitude	confused	meandered
pitiable	reflected	disdaining	beneficently

One evening, in times long ago, old Philemon and his wife Baucis sat at their cottage door, enjoying the calm and beautiful sunset. They had already eaten their frugal supper, and intended now to spend a quiet hour or two before bedtime. So they talked together about their garden, and their cow, and their bees, and their grapevine, which clambered over the cottage wall, and on which the grapes were beginning to turn purple.

The rude shouts of the children, and the fierce barking of dogs in the village near at hand, grew louder and louder, until, at last, it was hardly possible for Baucis and Philemon to hear each other speak.

"Ah, wife," cried Philemon, "I fear some poor traveller is seeking hospitality among our neighbors yonder, and, instead of giving him food and lodging, they have set their dogs at him, as their custom is."

[1] See note on page 261.

[2] Find the definition and pronunciation of these words in the vocabulary.

"Well-a-day!" answered Baucis, "I do wish our neighbors felt a little more kindness for their fellow-creatures. And only think of bringing up their children in this naughty way, and patting them on the head when they fling stones at strangers!"

"Those children will never come to any good end," said Philemon, shaking his white head. "To tell you the truth, wife, I should not wonder if some terrible thing were to happen to all the people in the village, unless they mend their manners. But, as for you and me, as long as Providence affords us a crust of bread, let us be ready to give half to any poor, homeless stranger that may come along and need it."

"That's right, husband," said Baucis. "So we will!"

These old folks, you must know, were quite poor, and had to work hard for a living. Old Philemon toiled diligently in his garden, while Baucis was always busy with her distaff, or making a little butter and cheese with their cow's milk, or doing one thing and another about the cottage. Their food was seldom anything but bread, milk, and vegetables, with sometimes a portion of honey from their beehive, and now and then a bunch of grapes that had ripened against the cottage wall.

They were two of the kindest old people in the world, and would cheerfully have gone without their dinners, any day, rather than refuse a slice of their brown loaf,

a cup of new milk, and a spoonful of honey to the weary traveller who might pause before their door.

Their cottage stood on a low hill, at some short distance from a village, which lay in a hollow valley that was about half a mile in breadth. This valley, in past ages, when the world was new, had probably been the bed of a lake. There fishes had glided to and fro in the depths, water-weeds had grown along the margin, and trees and hills had seen their reflected images in the broad and peaceful mirror. But, as the waters subsided, men had cultivated the soil, and built houses on it, so that it was now a fertile spot, and bore no traces of the ancient lake, except a very small brook, which meandered through the midst of the village, and supplied the inhabitants with water.

The valley had been dry land so long that oaks had sprung up, and grown great and high, and perished with old age, and been succeeded by others, as tall and stately as the first. Never was there a prettier or more fruitful valley. The very sight of the plenty around them should have made the inhabitants kind and gentle, and ready to show their gratitude to Providence by doing good to their fellow-creatures.

But, we are sorry to say, the people of this lovely village were not worthy to dwell in a spot on which Heaven had smiled so beneficently. They were a very selfish and hard-hearted people, and had no pity for the

poor, nor sympathy with the homeless. They would only have laughed, had anybody told them that human beings owe a debt of love to one another, because there is no other method of paying the debt of love and care which all of us owe to Providence.

You will hardly believe what I am going to tell you. These wicked people taught their children to be no better than themselves, and used to clap their hands by way of encouragement when they saw the little boys and girls run after some poor stranger, shouting at his heels, and pelting him with stones. They kept large and fierce dogs, and whenever a traveller ventured to show himself in the village street, this pack of disagreeable curs scampered to meet him, barking, snarling, and showing their teeth. Then they would seize him by his leg, or by his clothes, just as it happened; and if he were ragged when he came, he was generally a pitiable object before he had time to run away. This was a very terrible thing to poor travellers, as you may suppose, especially when they chanced to be sick, or feeble, or lame, or old. Such persons (if they once knew how badly these unkind people, and the unkind children and dogs, were in the habit of behaving) would go miles and miles out of their way, rather than try to pass through the village again.

So now you can understand why Philemon spoke so sorrowfully, when he heard the shouts of the children and the barking of the dogs at the farther extremity of

the village street. There was a confused din, which lasted a good while, and seemed to pass quite through the breadth of the valley.

"I never heard the dogs bark so loudly!" observed the good old man.

"Nor the children shout so rudely!" answered his good old wife.

They sat shaking their heads, one to another, while the noise came nearer and nearer, until, at the foot of the little eminence on which their cottage stood, they saw two travellers approaching on foot. Close behind them came the fierce dogs, snarling at their very heels.

A little farther off ran a group of children, who sent up shrill cries, and flung stones at the two strangers with all their might. Once or twice the younger of the two men (he was a slender and very active figure) turned about and drove back the dogs with a staff, which he carried in his hand. His companion, who was a very tall person, walked calmly along, as if disdaining to notice either the naughty children, or the pack of dogs, whose manner the children seemed to imitate.

Both of the travellers were very humbly clad, and looked as if they might not have money enough in their pockets to pay for a night's lodging. And this, I am afraid, was the reason why the villagers had allowed their children and dogs to treat them so rudely.

"Come, wife," said Philemon to Baucis, "let us go

and meet these people. No doubt they feel almost too heavy-hearted to climb the hill."

"Go you and meet them," answered Baucis, "while I make haste within doors, and see whether we can get them anything for supper. A comfortable bowl of bread and milk would do wonders toward raising their spirits."

Accordingly, she hastened to the cottage. Philemon, on his part, went forward, and extended his hand, saying in the heartiest tone imaginable, "Welcome, strangers! welcome!"

"Thank you," replied the younger of the two, in a lively kind of a way, notwithstanding his weariness and trouble. "This is quite another greeting than we have met with yonder in the village. Pray, why do you live in such a bad neighborhood?"

"Ah," observed old Philemon, with a quiet and benign smile, "Providence put me here, I hope, among other reasons, in order that I may make you what amends I can for the inhospitality of my neighbors."

"Well said, old father!" cried the traveller, laughing; "and, if the truth must be told, my companion and myself need some amends. Those children have bespattered us finely with their mud-balls; and one of the dogs has torn my cloak, which was ragged enough. But I took him across the muzzle with my staff; and I think you may have heard him yelp, even thus far off."

Philemon was glad to see him in such good spirits;

nor, indeed, would you have fancied, by the traveller's look and manner, that he was weary with a long day's journey, besides being disheartened by the rough treatment at the end of it. He was dressed in rather an odd way, with a sort of cap on his head, the brim of which stuck out over both ears.

Though it was a summer evening, he wore a cloak, which he kept wrapped closely about him. Philemon perceived, too, that he had on a singular pair of shoes; but he could not precisely tell in what the strangeness consisted. One thing, certainly, seemed queer. The traveller was so wonderfully light and active, that it appeared as if his feet sometimes rose from the ground of their own accord.

"I used to be light-footed, in my youth," said Philemon to the traveller. "But I always find my feet grow heavier toward nightfall."

"There is nothing like a good staff to help one along," answered the stranger; "and I happen to have an excellent one, as you see."

This staff, in fact, was the oddest-looking staff that Philemon had ever beheld; it was made of olive-wood, and had something like a little pair of wings near the top. Two snakes, carved in wood, were represented as twining themselves about the staff, and were so very skilfully executed that old Philemon (whose eyes, you know, were getting rather dim) almost thought them alive, and that he could see them wriggling and twisting.

"A curious piece of work, sure enough!" said he. "A staff with wings! It would be an excellent kind of stick for a little boy to ride astride of!"

Before he could ask any questions, the elder stranger drew his attention from the wonderful staff by speaking to him.

"Was there not," asked the stranger, in a remarkably deep tone of voice, "a lake, in very ancient times, covering the spot where now stands yonder village?"

"Not in my time, friend," answered Philemon; "and yet I am an old man, as you see. There were always the fields and meadows, just as they are now, and the trees, and the stream murmuring through the midst of the valley. My father, and his father before him, never saw it otherwise, so far as I know; and doubtless it will still be the same when I shall be gone and forgotten!"

"That is more than can be safely foretold," observed the stranger; and there was something very stern in his deep voice. He shook his head, too, so that his dark and heavy curls were shaken with the movement. "Since the inhabitants of yonder village have forgotten the affections and sympathies of their nature, it were better that the lake should be rippling over their dwellings again!"

The traveller looked so stern that Philemon was frightened; the more so, that, at his frown, the twilight seemed to grow darker, and when he shook his head, there was a roll as of thunder in the air.

Part II

nimble[1]	familiar	ambrosia	executed
gravity	cascade	sociability	countenance
morsel	represent	apologies	palatable
draft	kneading	exceedingly	transparent
herbage	miraculous	abundant	diminishing

While Baucis was getting the supper, the travellers both began to talk very sociably with Philemon. The younger, indeed, made so many witty remarks, that the good old man continually burst out a-laughing, and pronounced him the merriest fellow whom he had seen for many a day.

"Pray, my young friend," said he, as they grew familiar together, "what may I call your name?"

"Why, I am very nimble, as you see," answered the traveller. "So, if you call me Quicksilver, the name will fit tolerably well."

"Quicksilver? Quicksilver?" repeated Philemon, looking in the traveller's face, to see if he were making fun of him. "It is a very odd name! And your companion there? Has he as strange a one?"

"You must ask the thunder to tell it you;" replied Quicksilver, putting on a mysterious look. "No other voice is loud enough."

Then Philemon told the strangers about the events of

[1] Find the definition and pronunciation of these words in the vocabulary.

his past life, in the whole course of which he had never been a score of miles from this very spot. His wife Baucis and himself had dwelt in the cottage from their youth upwards, earning their bread by honest labor, always poor, but still contented. He said, too, that because they loved one another so very much, it was the wish of both that death might not separate them, but that they should die, as they had lived, together.

As the stranger listened, a smile beamed over his countenance, and made its expression as sweet as it was grand.

"You are a good old man," said he to Philemon, "and you have a good wife to be your helpmeet. It is fit that your wish should be granted."

And it seemed to Philemon just then, as if the sunset clouds threw up a bright flash from the west and kindled a sudden light in the sky.

Baucis had now got supper ready and, coming to the door, began to make apologies for the poor fare which she was forced to set before her guests.

"Had we known you were coming," said she, "my good man and myself would have gone without a morsel, rather than you should lack a better supper. But I took the most part of to-day's milk to make cheese; and our last loaf is already half eaten. Ah me! I never feel the sorrow of being poor, save when a poor traveller knocks at our door."

"All will be very well; do not trouble yourself, my good dame," replied the elder stranger, kindly. "An honest, hearty welcome to a guest works miracles with the fare, and is capable of turning the coarsest food to nectar and ambrosia."

"A welcome you shall have," cried Baucis, "and likewise a little honey that we happen to have left, and a bunch of purple grapes besides."

"Why, Mother Baucis, it is a feast!" exclaimed Quicksilver, laughing, "an absolute feast, and you shall see how bravely I will play my part at it! I think I never felt hungrier in my life."

"Mercy on us!" whispered Baucis to her husband; "if the young man has such a terrible appetite, I am afraid there will not be half enough supper."

They all went into the cottage.

And now, my friends, shall I tell you something that will make you open your eyes very wide? It is really one of the oddest circumstances in the whole story. Quicksilver had set his staff up against the wall of the cottage. Well, when its master entered the door, leaving his staff behind, what should it do but immediately spread its little wings, and go hopping and fluttering up the doorsteps! Tap, tap, went the staff on the kitchen floor, nor did it rest until it had stood itself on end, with the greatest gravity, beside Quicksilver's chair. Old Philemon, however, as well as his wife, was so taken up in attending

to their guests that no notice was given to what the staff had been about.

The supper was so exceedingly small that Baucis could not help wishing that their appetites had not been quite so large. Why, at their very first sitting down, the travellers both drank off all the milk in their two bowls at one draught.

"A little more milk, kind Mother Baucis, if you please," said Quicksilver. "The day has been hot, and I am very much athirst."

"Now, my dear people," said Baucis, in great confusion, "I am so sorry and ashamed; but the truth is there is hardly a drop more milk in the pitcher. O husband, husband, why didn't we go without our supper?"

"Why, it appears to me," cried Quicksilver, starting up from the table and taking the pitcher by the handle, "it really appears to me that matters are not quite so bad as you represent them. Here is certainly more milk in the pitcher."

So saying, and to the vast astonishment of Baucis, he proceeded to fill, not only his own bowl, but his companion's likewise, from the pitcher that was supposed to be almost empty. The good woman could scarcely believe her eyes. She had certainly poured out nearly all the milk, and had peeped in afterward and seen the bottom of the pitcher as she set it down upon the table.

"But I am old," thought Baucis to herself, "and apt

to be forgetful. I suppose I must have made a mistake. At all events, the pitcher cannot help being empty now, after filling the bowls twice over."

"What excellent milk," observed Quicksilver, after quaffing the entire contents of the second bowl. "Excuse me, my kind hostess, but I must really ask you for a little more."

Now, Baucis had seen, as plainly as she could see anything, that Quicksilver had turned the pitcher upside down, and consequently had poured out every drop of milk in filling the last bowl. Of course there could not possibly be any left.

However, in order to let him know precisely how the case was, she lifted the pitcher, and made a gesture as if pouring milk into Quicksilver's bowl, but without the remotest idea that any milk would stream forth. What was her surprise, therefore, when such an abundant cascade fell bubbling into the bowl that it was immediately filled to the brim, and overflowed upon the table.

The two snakes that were twisted about Quicksilver's staff (but neither Baucis nor Philemon happened to observe this circumstance) stretched out their heads and began to lap up the spilt milk.

And then what a delicious fragrance the milk had! It seemed as if Philemon's cow must have pastured that day on the richest herbage that could be found anywhere in the world.

THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER

"And now a slice of your brown loaf, Mother Baucis," said Quicksilver, "and a little of that honey!"

Baucis cut him a slice accordingly; and though the loaf, when she and her husband ate of it, had been rather too dry and crusty to be palatable, it was now as light and moist as if but a few hours out of the oven. Tasting a crumb which had fallen on the table, she found it more delicious than bread ever was before, and could hardly believe that it was a loaf of her own kneading and baking. Yet what other loaf could it possibly be?

But, oh, the honey! Its color was that of the purest and most transparent gold; and it had the odor of a thousand flowers, but of such flowers as never grew in an earthly garden, and to seek which the bees must have flown high above the clouds. The wonder is, that, after alighting on a flower-bed of such fragrance, they should have been content to fly down again to their hive in Philemon's garden. Never was such honey tasted, seen, or smelled. The perfume floated around the kitchen, and made it so delightful that, had you closed your eyes, you would instantly have forgotten the low ceiling and smoky walls, and have fancied yourself in an arbor with celestial honeysuckle creeping over it.

Although good Mother Baucis was a simple old dame, she could not but think that there was something rather out of the common way in all that had been going on. So, after helping the guests to bread and honey, and lay-

ing a bunch of grapes by each of their plates, she sat down by Philemon, and told him what she had seen, in a whisper.

"Did you ever hear the like?" asked she.

"No, I never did," answered Philemon, with a smile. "And I rather think, my dear wife, you have been walking about in a sort of dream. If I had poured out the milk, I should have seen through the business at once. There happened to be a little more in the pitcher than you thought, — that is all."

"Ah, husband," said Baucis, "say what you will, these are very uncommon people."

"Well, well," replied Philemon, still smiling, "perhaps they are. They certainly do look as if they had seen better days; and I am heartily glad to see them making so comfortable a supper."

Each of the guests had now taken his bunch of grapes upon his plate. Baucis (who rubbed her eyes, in order to see more clearly) was of the opinion that the clusters had grown larger and richer, and that each grape seemed to be on the point of bursting with ripe juice. It was a mystery to her how such grapes could ever have grown on the old stunted vine that climbed over the cottage wall.

"Very admirable grapes, these!" observed Quicksilver, as he swallowed one after another without apparently diminishing his cluster. "Pray, my good host, whence did you gather them?"

"From my own vine," answered Philemon. "You may see one of its branches twisting across the window yonder. But wife and I never thought the grapes very fine ones."

"I never tasted better," said the guest. "Another cup of this delicious milk, if you please, and I shall then have supped better than a prince."

This time old Philemon bestirred himself and took up the pitcher; for he was curious to discover whether there was any reality in the marvel which Baucis had whispered to him. On taking up the pitcher, therefore, he slyly peeped into it, and was fully satisfied that it contained not so much as a single drop. All at once, however, he beheld a little white fountain which gushed up from the bottom of the pitcher, and speedily filled it to the brim with foaming and deliciously fragrant milk. It was lucky that Philemon, in his surprise, did not drop the miraculous pitcher from his hand.

"Who are you, wonder-working strangers?" cried he, even more bewildered than his wife had been.

"Your guests, my good Philemon, and your friends," replied the elder traveller, in his mild, deep voice, that had something at once sweet and awe-inspiring in it. "Give me likewise a cup of milk; and may your pitcher never be empty for kind Baucis and yourself, any more than for the needy wayfarers!"

Part III

century [1]	meagre	bewitched	perplexity
portal	inspired	entreated	requested
edifice	prosperity	persisted	vehemently
majestic	tranquil	venerable	inexhaustible

The supper being now over, the strangers requested to be shown to their place of repose. The old people would gladly have talked with them a little longer, and have expressed the wonder which they felt, and their delight at finding the poor and meagre supper prove so much better and more abundant than they hoped. But the elder traveller had inspired them with such reverence that they dared not ask him any questions. Philemon drew Quicksilver aside and inquired how a fountain of milk could have got into an old earthen pitcher, and this latter personage pointed to his staff.

"There is the whole mystery of the affair," quoth Quicksilver; "and if you can make it out I'll thank you to let me know. I can't tell what to make of my staff. It is always playing such odd tricks as this; sometimes getting me a supper, and, quite as often, stealing it away. If I had any faith in such nonsense, I should say that the stick is bewitched."

He said no more, but looked so slyly in their faces that

[1] Find the definition and pronunciation of these words in the vocabulary.

they rather fancied he was laughing at them. The magic staff went hopping at his heels as Quicksilver quitted the room. When left alone the good old couple spent some time in conversation about the events of the evening, and then lay down on the floor and fell fast asleep. They had given up their sleeping-room to the guests, and had no other bed for themselves save these planks, which I wish had been as soft as their own hearts.

The old man and his wife were stirring betimes in the morning, and the strangers likewise arose with the sun, and made their preparations to depart. Philemon hospitably entreated them to remain a little longer, until Baucis could milk the cow and bake a cake upon the hearth, and perhaps find them a few fresh eggs for breakfast. The guests, however, seemed to think it better to accomplish a good part of their journey before the heat of the day should come on. They therefore persisted in setting out immediately, but asked Philemon and Baucis to walk forth with them a short distance and show them the road which they were to take.

"Ah me! well-a-day!" exclaimed Philemon, when they had walked a little way from their door. "If our neighbors only knew what a blessed thing it is to show hospitality to strangers, they would tie up all their dogs, and never allow their children to fling another stone."

"It is a sin and a shame for them to behave so!" cried good old Baucis, vehemently. "And I mean to go this

very day, and tell some of them what wicked people they are!"

"I fear," remarked Quicksilver, slyly smiling, "that you will find none of them at home."

"When men do not feel toward the humblest stranger as if he were his brother," said the elder traveller, in tones so deep that they sounded like those of an organ, "they are unworthy to exist on earth, which was created as the abode of a great human brotherhood!"

"And, by the way, my dear friends," cried Quicksilver, with the liveliest look of fun and mischief in his eyes, "where is this same village that you talk about? On which side of us does it lie? Methinks I do not see it hereabouts."

Philemon and his wife turned toward the valley, where at sunset, only the day before, they had seen the meadows, the houses, the gardens, the clumps of trees, the wide, green-margined street, the children playing in it, and all the tokens of business, enjoyment, and prosperity.

But what was their astonishment! There was no longer any appearance of a village! Even the fertile valley in the hollow of which it lay had ceased to have existence. In its stead they beheld the broad blue surface of a lake which filled the great basin of the valley from brim to brim, and reflected the surrounding hills in its bosom, with as tranquil an image as if it had been there ever since the creation of the world. Then a little breeze

sprang up and caused the water to dance, glitter and sparkle in the early sunbeams, and to dash with a pleasant rippling noise against the shore.

The lake seemed so strangely familiar that the old couple were greatly perplexed, and felt as if they could only have been dreaming about a village having lain there. But the next moment they remembered the vanished dwellings, and the faces and characters of the inhabitants, far too distinctly for a dream. The village had been there yesterday and now it was gone!

"Alas!" cried these kind-hearted old people, "what has become of our poor neighbors?"

"They exist no longer as men and women," said the elder traveller, in his grand and deep voice, while a roll of thunder seemed to echo it in the distance. "There was neither use nor beauty in such a life as theirs. They retained no image of the better life in their bosoms; therefore the lake that was of old has spread itself forth again to reflect the sky."

"As for you, good Philemon," continued the elder traveller, — "and you, kind Baucis, — you, with your scanty means, have mingled so much heartfelt hospitality with your entertainment of the homeless stranger, that the milk became an inexhaustible fount of nectar, and the brown loaf and the honey were ambrosia. You have done well, my dear old friends. Wherefore, request whatever favor you have most at heart and it is granted."

Philemon and Baucis looked at one another, and then, — I know not which of the two it was who spoke, but that one uttered the desire of both their hearts.

"Let us live together while we live, and leave the world at the same instant when we die!"

"Be it so!" replied the stranger, with majestic kindness. "Now look toward your cottage."

They did so. What was their surprise on beholding a tall edifice of white marble, with a wide-open portal, on the spot where their humble residence had stood.

"There is your home," said the stranger. "Exercise your hospitality in yonder palace as freely as in the poor hut to which you welcomed us last evening."

The old people fell on their knees to thank him; but, behold! neither he nor Quicksilver were there.

So Philemon and Baucis took up their residence in the marble palace, and spent their time in making everybody happy and comfortable who happened to pass that way. The milk pitcher retained its marvellous quality of being never empty when it was desirable to have it full.

Thus the old couple lived in their palace a very great while, and grew older and older, and very old indeed. At length, however, there came a summer morning when Philemon and Baucis failed to make their appearance, as on other mornings, with one hospitable smile overspreading both their faces, to invite the guests of over night to breakfast. The guests searched everywhere in the spa-

cious palace, but all to no purpose. After a great deal of perplexity they espied in front of the portal two venerable trees, which no one could remember to have seen there the day before. Yet there they stood, with their roots fastened deep into the soil, and a huge breadth of foliage overshadowing the whole front of the edifice.

While the guests were marvelling how these trees that must have required a century to grow could have come to be so tall and venerable in a single night, a breeze sprang up and set their boughs astir. Then there was a deep murmur in the air, as if the two trees were speaking.

"I am old Philemon!" murmured one.

"I am old Baucis!" murmured the other.

But as the breeze grew stronger, the trees both spoke at once, — "Philemon! Baucis! Baucis! Philemon!" — as if one were both and both were one, and talking together in the depths of their mutual heart. And oh, what a hospitable shade did they fling around them. Whenever a wayfarer paused beneath it, he heard a pleasant whisper of the leaves above his head, and wondered how the sound could so much resemble words like these: —

"Welcome, welcome, dear traveller, welcome!"

Some kind soul, that knew what would have pleased Baucis and Philemon best, built a circular bench round both their trunks, where the weary and hungry and thirsty could repose themselves and quaff milk abundantly out of the miraculous pitcher.

— NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

OUR COUNTRY NEIGHBORS[1]

retreat[2]	occupant	permanent	reluctantly
surveyor	anaconda	serpentine	enchanted
mysterious	ravages	reflectively	conservatory
copperhead	nocturnal	transformed	occasionally

We have just built our house in an out-of-the-way place, on the bank of a river, and under the shade of some trees which are all that remain of an ancient forest. The checkerberry and partridge-plum, with their glossy green leaves and scarlet berries, still carpet the ground in the deep shadows of the wood; and the prince's-pine and other evergreens declare its native wildness, — for these are the children of the wild woods, that never come after plough and harrow have once broken the soil.

When we tried to find a spot for our house, we had to get a surveyor to go before us and cut a path through the dense underbrush that was laced together in a network of boughs and leaves, and grew so high as to overtop our heads. Where the house stands, four or five great oaks and chestnuts had to be cut away to let it in; and now it stands on the bank of the river, the edges of which are still overhung with old forest trees, chestnuts and oaks, which look at themselves in the glassy stream.

[1] See note on page 262.

[2] Find the definition and pronunciation of these words in the vocabulary.

A little knoll near the house was chosen for a garden spot; a dense, dark mass of trees above, of bushes in mid-air, and of all sorts of ferns and wild flowers and creeping vines on the ground. All these had to be cleared out, and a dozen great trees cut down and dragged away to a neighboring sawmill, there to be transformed into boards to finish our house.

Then, bringing a machine, such as might be used to pull a giant's tooth, with ropes, pulleys, oxen and men, and might and main, we pulled out the stumps, with their great prongs and their network of roots and fibres; and then, alas! we had to begin with all the pretty, wild, lovely bushes, and the checkerberries and ferns and wild blackberry and huckleberry bushes, and dig them up remorselessly, that we might plant our corn and squashes. And so we found a house and garden in the heart of the wild woods, about a mile from the city.

People said it was a lonely place, and far from neighbors, — by which they meant that it was a long way for them to come to see us. But we soon found that whoever goes into the woods to live finds neighbors of a new kind, and some to whom it is rather hard to become accustomed.

For instance, on a fine day early in April, as we were on our way to superintend the building of our house, we were startled by a striped snake who raised himself to look at us with his little bright eyes, and put out his red forked tongue. There is no more harm in these little garden

snakes than there is in a robin or a squirrel; they are poor, peaceable, timid creatures, which could not do any harm if they would. So we tried to turn out of our path into a tangle of bushes; and there, instead of one, we found four snakes. We turned to the other side and there were two more. In short, everywhere we looked, the dry leaves were rustling and coiling with them; and we were in despair.

In vain we said that they were harmless as kittens, and tried to persuade ourselves that their bright eyes were pretty, and that their serpentine movements were in the exact line of beauty. We could not help remembering, however, their family name and connections; we thought of those disagreeable gentlemen, the anacondas, the rattlesnakes, and the copperheads. But our troubles in this direction were soon over. The snakes had crawled out of their holes to warm themselves in the bright spring sun, and after a few days they were rare visitors, though now and then one appeared.

Another of our wild woodland neighbors made us some trouble. It was no other than a woodchuck, whose hole we had often wondered at when we were scrambling through the underbrush after the spring ploughing. The hole was about the size of a peck measure, and had two openings about six feet apart. The occupant was a gentleman we never had the pleasure of seeing, but we soon learned of his existence from his ravages in our

garden. He had a taste, it appears, for the very things we wished to eat ourselves, and helped himself without asking.

We had a row of fine, crisp heads of lettuce, which were the pride of our gardening, and out of which he would from day to day select for his table just the plants which we had marked for ours. He also nibbled our young beans; and so at last we were reluctantly obliged to let John Gardiner set a trap for him.

Our house had a central court on the southern side, into which looked the library, dining room, and front hall, as well as several of the upper chambers. It was designed to be closed in with glass, to serve as a conservatory in winter; and meanwhile we had filled it with splendid plumy ferns, taken up out of the neighboring wood. In the centre was a fountain surrounded by stones, shells, mosses, and various water plants. We had bought three little goldfishes to swim in the basin; and the spray, as it rose in the air and rippled back into the water, was the pleasantest possible sound on a hot afternoon.

We used to lie on the sofa in the hall, and look into the court and fancy that we saw some scene of fairy-land, with water sprites coming up from the fountain. Suddenly a new-comer presented himself, — no other than an immense frog, that had hopped up from the river, apparently with a view of making a permanent settlement in and about our fountain. He was to be seen, often for

hours, sitting reflectively on the edge of it, beneath the broad shadow of the calla leaves.

We gave him the name of Unke, and declared that he showed his good taste by coming to live in our conservatory. We even defended his personal appearance, praised the green coat which he wore on his back, his gray vest and solemn gold spectacles. "Who knows, after all," we said, "but that he is a beautiful young prince, enchanted by some cruel witch, and obliged to live in the water until the princess comes to drop a golden ball into the fountain, and so give him his freedom and an opportunity to marry her, after the manner of the German fairy tales?"

Of other woodland neighbors there were some which we saw occasionally. The shores of the river were lined, here and there, with the homes of the muskrats. There were also owls, whose nests were high up in some of the old chestnut trees. Often in the lonely hours of the night we could hear them gibbering, with a sort of wild, hollow laugh, among the distant trees.

One tenant of the woods made us some trouble in the autumn. It was a little flying-squirrel, who made excursions into our house in the night, coming down the chimney into the chambers, rustling about among the clothes, cracking nuts or nibbling at morsels of anything that suited his fancy. For a long time the inmates of the rooms were awakened in the night by mysterious noises, thumps and rappings, and so lighted candles, and searched in vain

to find whence they came; for the moment any movement was made, the rogue hurried up the chimney.

But one night the little fellow jumped in at the window of a room which had no fireplace; and the occupant shut the window, without suspecting that she had cut off the retreat of any of her woodland neighbors. The next morning she was startled by what she thought was a gray rat running past her bed. She rose to pursue him, when he ran up the wall, and clung against the plastering, showing himself very plainly to be a gray flying-squirrel. He was chased into the conservatory, where he flew out of an open window and made away for his native woods, thus putting an end to many fears as to the nature of the nocturnal rappings.

The autumn months are now coming on (for it is October while I write), the flowers are dying night by night as the frosts grow heavier, the squirrels are racing about, full of business, getting in their winter's supply of nuts; everything now is active and busy among our country neighbors. In a cottage about a quarter of a mile from us, a whole family of squirrels have made the discovery that a house is warmer in winter than the best hollow tree, and so have gone into a chink between the walls, where Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel can often be heard late at night chattering about the arrangement of their household goods for the coming season.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

ROBIN REDBREAST

Good-by, good-by to Summer!
For Summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away,—
But Robin's here with coat of brown,
And ruddy breast-knot gay.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts;
The scanty pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
It's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,
'Twill soon be winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And what will this poor Robin do?
For pinching days are near.

—William Allingham.

THE FRINGED GENTIAN

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And covered with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then dost thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue, — blue — as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

TOM BROWN AT RUGBY[1]

resent[2]	close	introduced
pursuit	matron	patronizing
assented	vigorous	astonishment
residence	creditably	notwithstanding

"And so here's Rugby, sir, at last, and you'll be in plenty of time for dinner at the school-house, as I told you," said the guard, pulling his horn out of its case, and tootle-tooing away, while the coachman shook up his horses, and carried them along the side of the school close, past the school gates, and down the street to the Spread Eagle.

Tom's heart beat quickly as he passed the great school field, or close, with its noble elms, in which several games of football were going on, and tried to take in at once the long line of gray buildings, beginning with the chapel and ending with the residence of the head master, where the great flag was lazily waving from the highest round tower. And he began already to be proud of being a Rugby boy, as he passed the school gates and saw the boys standing there, looking as if the town belonged to them, and nodding in a familiar manner to the coachman, as if any one of them would be quite equal to getting on the box and driving the horses as well as he.

[1] See note on page 262.

[2] Find the definition and pronunciation of these words in the vocabulary.

One of the young heroes, however, ran out from the rest, and scrambled up behind, where, having righted himself and nodded to the guard, he turned to Tom, and, after looking him over for a minute, began, "I say, is your name Brown?"

"Yes," said Tom, in astonishment, glad however to meet some one already who seemed to know him.

"Ah, I thought so; you know my aunt, Miss East; she lives somewhere down your way in Berkshire. She wrote to me that you were coming to-day, and asked me to look out for you."

Tom was somewhat inclined to resent the patronizing air of his new friend — a boy of just about his own height and age; but he could not help admiring and envying him, especially when he began arranging with one of the porters, whom he called Cooey, to carry Tom's luggage up to the school-house for sixpence.

"And remember, Cooey, it must be there in ten minutes or no more work from me. Come along, Brown." And away goes the young lad, with his hands in his pockets, and Tom at his side.

"All right, sir," said Cooey, touching his hat, with a laugh and a wink at his companions.

East took delight in his character of guide. He led Tom through the great gates, where there were now only two or three boys. They asked him the questions that were asked of all new boys — "What is your name?

Where do you come from? How old are you? Where do you board?" and "What form are you in?" — and so they passed on through the yard and into the matron's room, where Tom was introduced and told to leave the key of his trunk.

Then East marched him off into the school yard again, and began showing him the schools, and examining him as to his previous lessons to see if they could be in the same form and learn their lessons together.

"And now come in and see my study; we shall have just time before dinner."

Tom followed his guide through the school-house hall, which opens into the yard. It is a room thirty feet long, with two tables running the whole length, and two large fireplaces at the side. Several boys were standing before one of these fires, and they shouted to East to stop; but he hurried along with Tom, and landed him in a long, dark passage with a fireplace at the end of it and small rooms opening on each side.

Into one of these East pushed Tom, and then, jumping in himself, he slammed and bolted the door behind them, in case of pursuit from the hall.

Tom had not been prepared for separate rooms, and was not a little astonished and delighted with the study in question. It was certainly not very large, being about six feet long by four broad, but it looked very comfortable, Tom thought.

The space under the window was occupied by a square table covered with a red and blue checked table-cloth; a hard-seated sofa covered with red occupied one side, running up to the end, and making a seat for one, or, by sitting close, for two, at the table; and a stout wooden chair afforded a seat for another boy, so that three could sit and work together. Over the door was a row of hat pegs, and on each side book-cases with cupboards at the bottom; shelves and cupboards being filled with school-books, a cup or two, a mouse-trap, brass candlesticks, leathern straps, a bag, and some curious articles, which puzzled Tom until his friend explained that they were climbing irons, and showed their use. A cricket bat and small fishing rod stood in the corner.

This was the residence of East and another boy in the same form, and had more interest for Tom than Windsor Castle or any other residence in the British Isles. For was he not about to become joint owner of a similar home, the first place which he could call his own?

"And I shall have a study like this?" said Tom.

"Yes, of course, you'll be chummed with some fellow on Monday, and you can sit here till then."

"What nice places."

"They're well enough," answered East, "only very cold at night sometimes. Gower — that's my chum — and I make a fire with paper on the floor after supper generally, only that makes it so smoky."

A quarter past one now struck, and the bell began tolling for dinner, so they went into the hall and took their places, Tom at the very bottom of the second table, next to the tutor, and East a few paces higher. And now Tom for the first time saw his future school-fellows in a body. In they came, some hot and ruddy from football or long walks, some pale and chilly from hard reading in their studies. A large man, whom Tom took for a master, began calling over the names, while the meat was being rapidly carved on a third table in the corner.

Tom's turn came last, and meanwhile he was all eyes, looking first with awe at the great man who sat close to him, and was helped first, and who read a hard-looking book all the time he was eating; and when he got up and walked off to the fire, at the small boys round him, some of whom were reading, and the rest talking in whispers to one another. However, notwithstanding his curiosity, he managed to make a capital dinner by the time the big man called "Stand up!" and said grace.

As soon as dinner was over, and Tom had been questioned by such of his neighbors as were curious as to his birth, parentage, education, and other like matters, East proposed having a look at the close, which Tom gladly assented to, and they went out through the yard and into the great playground.

"That's the chapel, you see," said East, "and all this

part where we are is the little-side ground, right up to the trees, and on the other side of the trees is the big-side ground. But, I say, it's awfully cold, let's have a run across," and away went East, Tom close behind him.

East was evidently trying to do his best, and Tom, who was proud of his running and anxious to show his friend that although he was a new boy he was not a baby, ran as hard as he could. Across the close they went, each doing the very best he could, and there wasn't a yard between them when they stopped at the other side.

"I say," said East, as soon as he caught his breath, "you run pretty well for a new boy. Well, I'm as warm as toast now. `Hurrah! Here's the punt-about — come and try your hand at a kick."

The punt-about is a practice ball, which is brought out and kicked about from one boy to another before roll-call and dinner, and at other odd times. They joined the boys who had brought it out, and Tom had the pleasure of trying his skill at kicking it.

Presently more boys came out and more balls were sent for. The crowd thickened as three o'clock approached; and when the hour struck, one hundred and fifty boys were hard at work. Then the balls were held, the master of the week came down in cap and gown to roll-call, and the whole school of three hundred boys swept into the big school to answer to their names.

—Thomas Hughes.

HARE AND HOUNDS[1]

senior[2]	turnpike	recording
vantage	collapse	grievances
prophecy	obedience	redoubtable
incident	sumptuous	superfluous

Tom soon gained the character of a good-natured, willing boy, who was ready to do a kindness for any one. In all the games he joined with all his heart, and soon became well versed in the mysteries of football, by continued practice at the school-house little-side, which played daily.

The only incident worth recording here, however, was his first run at hare and hounds. On the last Tuesday but one of the half-year he was passing through the hall after dinner, when he was hailed with shouts from Taylor and several other boys who were seated at one of the long tables, the chorus of which was, "Come and help us tear up scent."

Tom approached the table in obedience to the mysterious summons, always ready to help, and found the party engaged in tearing up old newspapers, copy-books, and magazines into small pieces with which they were filling four large canvas bags.

[1] See note on page 262.

[2] Find the definition and pronunciation of these words in the vocabulary.

"It's the turn of our house to find scent for big-side hare and hounds," explained Taylor; "tear away, there's no time to lose before roll-call."

"I think it's a great shame," said another small boy, "to have such a hard run for the last day."

"Which run is it?" asked Taylor.

"Oh, the Barby run, I hear," answered the other; "nine miles at least, and hard ground; no chance of getting in at the finish unless you are a first-rate runner."

"Well, I'm going to try," said Taylor, "if it is the last run of the half-year."

"I should like to try, too," said Tom.

"Well, then, leave your waistcoat behind, and listen at the door after roll-call, and you'll hear where the meet is."

After roll-call, sure enough, there were two boys at the door calling out, "Big-side hare and hounds meet at White Hall;" and Tom, having girded himself with a leather strap, and left all superfluous clothing behind, set off for White Hall, with East, whom he had persuaded to join, notwithstanding his prophecy that they could never get in at the end, as it was the hardest run of the year.

At the meet they found some forty or fifty boys, and Tom felt sure, from having seen many of them run at football, that he and East were more likely to get in at the finish than they.

After a few minutes' waiting, two well-known runners, chosen for the hares, buckled on the four bags filled with

scent, compared their watches with those of young Brooke and Thorne, and started off at a long swinging trot across the fields in the direction of Barby.

Then the hounds clustered round Thorne, who explained shortly, "They are to have six minutes' start. We run to the Inn, and every one who comes in within a quarter of an hour of the hares will be counted, if he has been round Barby church." Then comes a pause, the watches are pocketed, and the pack is led through the gateway into the field which the hares had first crossed. Here they break into a trot, scattering over the field to find the first traces of the scent which the hares throw out as they go along.

The old hounds make straight for the best points, and in a minute a cry of "forward" comes from one of them, and the whole pack quicken their pace for the spot, while the boy who hit the scent first, and two or three nearest to him, are over the first fence, and hurrying along the hedgerow in the long grass beyond. The rest of the pack rush at the gap already made, and scramble through, jostling one another.

"Forward" again before they are half through; the pace quickens into a sharp run, the tail hounds all hurrying to catch up with the lucky leaders. They are gallant hares, and the scent lies thick across another meadow and into a ploughed field, where the pace begins to tell; and then over a hedge with a ditch on the other side, and

down a large pasture studded with old thorns, which slopes down to the first brook. The brook is a small one, and the scent lies right ahead up the opposite slope, and as thick as ever, not a turn or a check to favor the tail hounds, who strain on, now trailing in a long line, many a youngster beginning to drag his legs heavily, and feel his heart beat like a hammer.

Tom, East, and Taylor had a good start, and are well up for such young lads, and after rising the slope and crossing the next field, find themselves up with the leading hounds, who have overrun the scent and are coming back. They have come a mile and a half in eleven minutes, a pace which shows that it is the last day. About twenty-five of the original starters are left, the rest having already given in; the leaders are busy making casts into the fields on the left and right, and the others are trying to catch their breath.

Then comes the cry of "forward" again, from young Brooke, from the extreme left, and the pack settles down to work again, the whole keeping pretty well together.

The scent, though still good, is not so thick, there is no need of that, for in this part of the run every one knows the line which must be taken, and so there are no casts to be made, but good downright running and fence climbing to be done. All who are now in the pack mean to be in at the finish, and they come to the foot of Barby Hill without losing more than two or three more of the pack.

HARE AND HOUNDS

This last straight two miles and a half is always a vantage ground for the hounds, and the hares know it well; they are generally viewed on the side of Barby Hill, and all eyes are on the lookout for them to-day. But not a sign of them appears, so now will be the hard work for the hounds; and there is nothing for it but to cast about for the scent, for it is now the hares' turn, and they may baffle the pack in the next two miles.

Now comes a brook, with stiff clay banks, from which they can hardly drag their legs, and they hear faint cries for help from the wretched Taylor, who has stuck fast. But they have too little run left in themselves to wait even for their own brothers. Three fields more, and another check, and then "forward" called away to the extreme right.

The courage of the two boys dies within them; they can never do it. Young Brooke thinks so, too, and says kindly, "You'll cross a lane after the next field, follow it, and you'll reach the Dunchurch road below the Inn," and then he hurries away for the run in, as fresh as if he were just starting.

The lads struggle on across the next field, the "forwards" getting fainter and fainter, and then ceasing. The whole hunt is out of earshot, and all hope of coming in is over.

"I told you how it would be," broke out East, as soon as he had got breath enough. "What a goose I was to

come. Here we are, tired out, and yet I know we are close to the run in, if we knew the country."

"Well," said Tom, gulping down his disappointment, "it can't be helped. We did our best, anyway. Hadn't we better find the lane as young Brooke told us?"

"I suppose so — nothing else for it," said East.

So they walked back slowly and sorrowfully, and found the lane, and went limping down it, splashing in the pools of muddy water, and beginning to feel how the run had tired them. The evening closed in fast and clouded over, dark and cold and dreary.

"It must be locking-up time, I should think," remarked East, breaking the silence; "it's so dark."

"What if we are late?" said Tom.

"No tea, and sent up to the doctor," answered East.

The thought did not add to their cheerfulness. Presently a faint halloo was heard from an adjoining field. They answered it and stopped, hoping for some one to guide them, when over a gate, some twenty yards away, crawled the wretched Taylor in a state of collapse; he had lost a shoe in the brook, and been groping after it up to his elbows in the stiff wet clay, and a more miserable creature in the shape of a boy has seldom been seen.

The sight of him, however, cheered Tom and his friend, for he was several degrees more wretched than they. They also cheered him, as he was now no longer under the dread of passing the night alone in the fields. And

so in better heart, the three splashed painfully down the never ending lane. At last it widened, just as utter darkness set on, and they came out on a turnpike road, and there paused bewildered, for they had lost their way, and knew not whether to turn to the right or the left.

Luckily for them they did not have to decide, for lumbering along the road, with one lamp lighted, and two old horses in the shafts, came a heavy coach, which after a moment's suspense they recognized as the Oxford coach, the redoubtable Pig and Whistle.

It lumbered slowly up, and the boys, mustering their last run, caught it as it passed, and began scrambling up behind, in which exploit East missed his footing and fell flat on his nose along the road. Then the others hailed the coachman, who pulled up his horses and agreed to take them in for a shilling. So there they sat in the back seat, drumming with their heels, and their teeth chattering with cold, and jogged into Rugby about forty minutes after time for locking up.

Five minutes later, three small, limping, shivering figures steal along through the doctor's garden, and into the house by the back door, where the first thing they come upon in the passage is old Thomas, ambling along, candle in one hand and keys in the other.

He stops and examines their condition with a grim smile. "Ah, East, Taylor, and Brown, late for locking up. Must go up to the doctor's study at once."

"Well, but Thomas, mayn't we go and wash first? You can put down the time, you know."

"Doctor's study directly you come in — that's the orders," replied old Thomas, motioning toward the stairs at the end of the passage, which led up into the doctor's house; and the boys turned ruefully down it. Upon the short flight of stairs they paused to hold counsel.

"Who'll go in first?" inquired Taylor.

"You — you're the senior," answered East.

"Not I — look at the condition I'm in," rejoined Taylor, showing the arms of his jacket. "I must get behind you two."

"Well, but look at me," said East, indicating the mass of clay behind which he was standing; "I'm worse than you, two to one; you might grow cabbages on my trousers."

"That's all down below, and you can keep your legs behind the sofa," said Taylor.

"Here, Brown, you're the show figure — you must lead."

"But my face is all muddy," argued Tom.

"Come on; we're only making it worse staying here," urged East.

"Well, just give me a brush, then," said Tom; and they began trying to rub off the superfluous dirt from each other's jackets, but it was not dry enough, and the rubbing made it worse; so in despair they pushed through

the swing door at the head of the stairs, and found themselves in the doctor's hall.

"That's the library door," said East, in a whisper, pushing Tom forward. The sound of merry voices and laughter came from within, and his first hesitating knock was unanswered. But at the second, the doctor's voice said, "Come in." Tom turned the handle, and he, with the others behind him, sidled into the room.

The doctor looked up from his task; he was working away with a great chisel at the bottom of a boy's sailing boat. Round him stood three or four children; the candles burned brightly on a large table covered with books and papers, and a great fire threw a ruddy glow over the rest of the room. All looked so kindly and comfortable that the boys took heart in a moment, and Tom advanced from behind the shelter of the great sofa. The doctor nodded to the children, who went out, casting curious and amused glances at the three young scarecrows.

"Well, my little lads," began the doctor, drawing himself up with his back to the fire, his eyes twinkling as he looked them over; "what makes you so late?"

"Please, sir, we've been out big-side hare-and-hounds, and lost our way."

"Ha! you couldn't keep up, I suppose?"

"Well, sir," said East, stepping out, and not liking to have the doctor think lightly of his running powers, "we got round Barby all right, but then —"

"Why, what a condition you're in, my boy!" interrupted the doctor, as the pitiful state of East's garments was fully revealed to him.

"That's the fall I got, sir, in the road," said East, looking down at himself. "The old Pig came by—"

"The what?" said the doctor.

"The Oxford coach, sir," explained Taylor.

"Oh, yes," said the doctor.

"And I tumbled on my face trying to get up behind."

"You're not hurt, I hope?" said the doctor.

"Oh, no, sir."

"Well now, run up stairs, all three of you, and get clean things on, and then tell the housekeeper to give you some tea. You're too young to try such long runs. Let Warner know I've seen you. Good night."

"Good night, sir." And away hurried the three boys in high glee.

"Wasn't he good not to give us even-twenty lines to learn!" said Taylor, as they reached their bedroom; and in half an hour they were sitting by the fire in the housekeeper's room at a sumptuous tea, with cold meat. "Twice as good a supper as we should have had in the hall," said Taylor, with a laugh, his mouth full of buttered toast. All their grievances were forgotten, and they were thinking hare-and-hounds the most delightful of games.

— Thomas Hughes.

SINDBAD, THE SAILOR[1]

porter[2]	perfume	Arabian
obtain	inclined	resistance
dainties	enriched	indiscreet
fatigue	venerable	instruments

Many years ago there lived in Bagdad a poor porter called Hindbad. One day he was employed to carry a heavy burden to a distant part of the city. He went through a street where the pavement had been sprinkled with rose water; and as there was a pleasant breeze, he laid down his burden and seated himself near the wall of a house to rest.

As he was enjoying the agreeable odor of the perfume he heard the sound of many instruments, and saw that a fine feast was to be served in the house. As he seldom passed through this street, he knew not whose house it was; but on asking one of the passers, he was told that it belonged to Sindbad, the sailor.

While Hindbad thought that this beautiful building belonged to a prince he was not disturbed; but when he learned that it was the property of a person whom he supposed had been of his own degree, envy took possession of his breast. He returned sullenly to his burden, and

[1] See note on p. 262.

[2] Find the pronunciation and definition of these words in the vocabulary.

murmured against Providence, who had given to the happy Sindbad a life of ease and luxury, while to him was given work and poverty.

While he was expressing these thoughts aloud, two servants came to him and desired him to follow them.

Hindbad did not willingly obey them; but as resistance was in vain, he allowed himself to be led by them into a great hall where there were a number of persons seated at dinner. At the upper end of the table there sat a comely, venerable gentleman with a long white beard. This grave gentleman was Sindbad. When the porter was brought forward, Sindbad asked him to be seated at his right hand, and himself served him with the choicest dainties.

When dinner was over, Sindbad began to talk with the porter; and calling him brother, after the manner of the Arabians when they are familiar with one another, he asked him what it was he had said awhile ago in the street. "I confess, sir," replied the porter, "my fatigue put me out of humor, and I uttered some indiscreet words, which I humbly request you to pardon."

"I did not send for you," replied Sindbad, "in anger; but as you murmur because I have obtained the wealth which I enjoy, I will relate to you the adventures by which I have gained this wealth. I am inclined to think you would rather continue in your safe and easy poverty than be exposed to the dangers I have suffered, though they have so greatly enriched me."

SINDBAD'S FIRST VOYAGE

traffic[1]	confident	diminished	musicians
venture	freighted	fatigued	becalmed
sequins	enormous	merchandise	cargo

My father left me a fortune which I carelessly diminished. I then engaged in traffic, freighted a vessel, and set out on a trading voyage.

One day, while we were under sail, we were becalmed close to a little island, almost even with the surface of the water, which resembled a green meadow. The captain ordered the sails to be furled, and permitted those who wished to do so to go on shore.

We had just landed when the island trembled and shook. The men on board called to us to reëmbark directly, as what we had taken for an island was the back of an enormous fish. The nimblest of us got into the sloop; others jumped into the sea, and swam toward the vessel; but I was still on the back of the fish when it dived into the sea. I got hold of a piece of timber which we had brought to make a fire with, and was preserved from sinking, but I found it impossible to return to the ship.

I continued in this situation till the next day, when I reached land, much fatigued. As I advanced from the shore, sundry voices called out to me, which seemed to

[1] Find the definition and pronunciation of these words in the vocabulary.

come from under the ground. Looking around I saw a hollow sunk in the earth, in which were several men who received me with great kindness.

These men were soldiers of King Mihrage who had come to this island on the king's business. Had I been a day later I must have perished; for the island was uninhabited, and they had so nearly finished their business that they set out on their return the next morning. On our arrival they presented me to the king, who ordered me supplied with everything I needed.

I lived here many weeks, seeking vainly to find a way of returning to my native land. At last, one day as I was at the port, I saw some bales that were being unloaded from a vessel, and presently discovered that they were my own. I sought the captain, but it was some time before I could persuade him that I was Sindbad, so confident was he that he had seen me perish. When he was convinced, he restored my cargo to me, which I sold to very great advantage.

I loaded my part of the vessel with the best produce of the country, and had a safe and speedy passage home; where I disposed of my merchandise for ten thousand sequins.

Sindbad stopped here and ordered the musicians to renew the concert. In the evening he gave the poor porter a purse of a hundred sequins, and bade him come the next day to hear more of his adventures.

SINDBAD'S SIXTH VOYAGE

rivulet [1]	Arabic	caliph
potent	Serendib	absolutely
enormous	Haroun al Raschid	importuning

Several months after my last voyage a few of my friends agreed on a voyage; and they did not cease importuning me until I consented to go with them.

For some time we had pleasant weather. We sailed many days without seeing land, but having perfect faith in our captain, we were not troubled. At length the ship was forced along by a strong current. The moment the captain perceived it he exclaimed, "We are lost!" He immediately ordered all the sails to be set against the current, but in vain; the ropes broke and the sails dropped.

The ship, in spite of our utmost efforts, continued to be forced on by the current until we came to the foot of a mountain, where she ran ashore and was soon dashed to pieces against the rocks.

Most of the crew perished. The captain, two seamen, and I escaped, but we were all much bruised. The captain told us that all hope of escape from the place was vain, as the current was so strong that no vessel could possibly sail against it. This discouraged us exceedingly; and, indeed, what we saw too strongly confirmed his state-

[1] Find the definition and pronunciation of these words in the vocabulary.

ments. The whole shore was covered with the wrecks of vessels, and the great quantity of riches with which the strand was covered only served to aggravate our sorrows.

Whether it was from our hopeless condition, or from the bruises they had received, I know not; but the next day the captain and the two sailors expired, and I was left alone in this terrible situation.

I was, however, too much accustomed to misfortune to despair, and I began to survey the shore and to seek everywhere for a possibility of relief. On examining the mountain I found that all hope of climbing it was vain, for it was not only enormously high, but in many places absolutely perpendicular.

I had almost given up every hope, when I discovered a rivulet of fresh water which, instead of running into the sea, penetrated the foot of the mountain. To this place I brought, with great difficulty, pieces of our wrecked vessel, and with them made a strong float. Having secured this properly, I went in search of provisions. An edible crab, which I found in great abundance, I placed on my float, resolving to trust myself on it, and take the chance of being carried to a place of safety by the stream. Before embarking, I collected great quantities of diamonds, rubies, and precious stones, together with other valuable material which had been deposited on the shore from the numerous wrecks. These I fastened securely to my float, and cutting the cable, I drifted down the stream.

I was conveyed into a hollow passage under the mountain, which was entirely dark. Here I sailed until at last my food was exhausted; I grew faint, and fell into a deep sleep.

When I awoke I found that my float had been drawn to the shore, and was surrounded by a number of strange-looking men. They spoke to me, but I could not understand them. I was, however, so overjoyed at being among men, that I cried aloud in Arabic.

Fortunately one of the men understood Arabic, and from him I learned that my float had been seen by the king, and he had ordered it to be drawn to the shore. He then requested that I would tell him by what accident I came into such a situation. I related my story, which he interpreted to the others.

When I had finished, he desired that I would permit them to conduct me to the king, that I might relate such an extraordinary adventure to him myself. I cheerfully consented, and while some of them conducted me to the palace, others followed, bearing the cargo from my float. I was very favorably received by the king, and thankfully accepted his invitation to remain in his court while I recovered from my fatigue.

The island was called Serendib, and was exceedingly pleasant and fertile. The people were hospitable, and so just that lawsuits are unknown among them. The magnificence of the palace and the splendor of their ruler when he appears in public are truly wonderful.

On this occasion the king has a throne fixed on the back of an elephant; before him an officer carries a golden lance in his hand, and behind the throne another officer supports a column of gold; the guard consists of a thousand men, all clad in silk and cloth of gold. As the king advances, the officer who carries the lance cries out occasionally: "Behold the great monarch; the potent and redoubtable sultan of the Indies; whose palace is covered with a hundred thousand rubies, and who possesses twenty thousand crowns, enriched with diamonds; behold the crowned monarch, greater than the greatest of princes!"

After I had lived several months in the capital, I requested the king's permission to return to my own country, which he immediately granted in the most obliging and honorable manner. He forced me to accept a very rich present, and at the same time intrusted to my care a gift of immense value, which he directed me to present with a letter, in his name, to our sovereign, the Caliph Haroun al Raschid.

Our voyage was short and pleasant. I had the honor to deliver the letter and gift of the King of Serendib to our caliph with my own hands; after which I retired to my home, rejoicing with my friends on my safe return, and resolving to pass the rest of my days among them.

Sindbad presented the porter as before with a purse of a hundred sequins, and desired him to come the following day to hear an account of his last voyage.

SINDBAD'S SEVENTH VOYAGE

acquaint[1]	Balsora	patron
sagacity	reputation	faculties
composed	commission	sufficiently
narrative	generosity	graciously

I had now determined to go no more to sea. My wealth was unbounded, my reputation established, my curiosity gratified, and my years began to demand rest; so that I wished to enjoy the fruits of my former toils and dangers. But the caliph sent for me, told me he had resolved to answer the letter of the King of Serendib, and to return to him a gift of equal value to that which I had brought to him, and that he had fixed on me as the bearer of the letter and gift.

I begged to be excused, and related to the caliph the many perils I had endured. He expressed his surprise and satisfaction at my narrative, but persisted in his desire, and I cheerfully prepared to obey his commands.

As soon as the caliph's letter and gift were delivered to me, I set sail, and after a pleasant voyage, I arrived at the island of Serendib and discharged my commission. The king received me in the most distinguished manner, and expressed his pleasure with the caliph's friendship. I stayed a short time at the palace, and then reëmbarked

[1] Find the definition and pronunciation of these words in the vocabulary.

for Balsora, but had not the good fortune to arrive there as I hoped.

Within three days of our departure we fell in with a pirate who took us captive and, carrying us into port, sold us all for slaves. I was bought by a wealthy merchant, who treated me kindly. He inquired if I understood the use of the bow, and seemed much pleased when I told him it had been one of the exercises of my youth, and that I had always delighted in it. He gave me a bow and arrows, and led me to a vast forest. "Climb one of these trees," he said. "This forest abounds with elephants; as they come within bow-shot, shoot at them, and if one falls, come and give me warning."

I remained in the tree all night. In the evening I saw many elephants, and shot at them; at last one fell. I hastened to acquaint my patron with my success. We returned to the forest and removed the ivory tusks from the elephant which I had killed.

For two months I continued to kill an elephant every day, sometimes from one tree and sometimes from another. One morning, while I was watching for them, I perceived that they did not cross the forest as usual, but came in great numbers directly toward the tree where I was. Their approach alarmed me so much that my bow and arrows fell from my hand; and my terror greatly increased when one of the largest of the huge creatures wound his trunk around the body of the tree in which I

was hidden, and pulled so hard that he soon tore the tree up by the roots, and threw it on the ground.

As I was falling with the tree I gave myself up for lost; but the elephant, when I reached the earth, took me up gently and placed me on his back. He then marched at the head of his companions into the heart of the forest, where he stopped, took hold of me with his trunk and seated me on the ground. Immediately he and all of his companions retired and left me.

I had been so terribly frightened during all this time that it was long before I recovered the use of my faculties. When I became composed enough to look about me, I found that I was upon a long, broad hill, covered all over with the bones of elephants. Among them were hundreds of the valuable ivory tusks. I could not but admire the sagacity of these animals. They had perceived, no doubt, that after I killed their companions, we removed the tusks; and had conducted me to their burial-place that we might obtain what we wished without the necessity of killing them.

I returned to the city and found my patron in great trouble about me. I related to him my adventure, which he would hardly believe. We set out the next morning for the hill, however, where he soon found that everything I had told him was true. We took away with us ivory of great value; and on our return to the city, my patron said: "Brother, I give you your liberty; I will

SINDBAD, THE SAILOR

not hold in bondage a moment longer the man who hath so greatly enriched me. Think not that by restoring you to freedom, I suppose you sufficiently rewarded. When I procure a vessel to convey you to your home, you will find that I shall prove my gratitude to you still further."

According to his promise my patron provided me with a ship, and having freighted it with ivory, he made me a present of both ship and cargo; and in a short time I returned home with another great addition to my wealth.

On my arrival at Bagdad, I waited on the caliph, and related to him my adventures, which he heard with much interest. He dismissed me very graciously, and I have since devoted my time wholly to my family, kindred, and friends.

Sindbad finished the relation of his voyages, and addressed Hindbad thus: "You now know by what means I have acquired the wealth which you envied. Do you not think that I have gained it through dangers more than equal to its value, and ought I not to enjoy the fruits of my labors?"

The porter modestly owned the truth of Sindbad's reasoning, adding thanks to him for his generosity. Sindbad again presented him with a hundred sequins, and finding him worthy of esteem, gave him a place among his retinue of servants.

—From "ARABIAN NIGHTS."

THE FROST SPIRIT

He comes — he comes — the Frost Spirit comes! — You may trace his footsteps now
On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown hill's withered brow.
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where their pleasant green came forth,
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes, have shaken them down to earth.

He comes — he comes — the Frost Spirit comes! — from the frozen Labrador —
From the icy bridge of the Northern Seas, which the white bear wanders o'er,
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the luckless forms below
In the sunless cold of the lingering night into marble statues grow!

He comes — he comes — the Frost Spirit comes! — on the rushing Northern blast,
And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his fearful breath went past.
With an unscorched wing he has hurried on, where the fires of Hecla glow
On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice below.

He comes — he comes — the Frost Spirit comes! — and
the quiet lake shall feel
The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to the
skater's heel;
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or
sang to the leaning grass,
Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mournful
silence pass.

He comes — he comes — the Frost Spirit comes! — let us
meet him as we may,
And turn with the light of the parlor-fire his evil power
away;
And gather closer the circle round, when that fire-light
dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his sound-
ing wing goes by!

— JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE SNOWSTORM

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.

The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the house-mates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, inclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
Come see the north-wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and, at the gate,
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE NEW YEAR[1]

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more:
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times:
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

[1] See note on page 262.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold:
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand:
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE NOBLE NATURE

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night —
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauty see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

—BEN JONSON.

MR. PICKWICK DRIVES[1]

balmy[2]	chase	vehicle	manœuvre
revelry	hostler	equestrian	presentiment
sundries	rotatory	respective	preliminary
resource	destination	symmetry	indisputable
reflective	sauntered	propensity	battlements
consumers	hospitable	impetuosity	balustrade

Bright and pleasant was the sky, balmy the air, and beautiful the appearance of every object around, as Mr. Pickwick leaned over the balustrade of Rochester Bridge, contemplating nature, and waiting for breakfast. The scene was indeed one which might well have charmed a far less reflective mind than that to which it was presented.

On the left of the spectator lay the ruined wall, broken in many places, and in some, overhanging the narrow beach below in rude and heavy masses. Huge knots of sea-weed hung upon the jagged and pointed stones, trembling in every breath of wind, and the green ivy clung mournfully round the dark and ruined battlements. Behind it rose the ancient castle, its towers roofless, and its massive walls crumbling away, but telling as proudly of its own might and strength, as when, seven hundred years ago, it rang

[1] See note on page 263.

[2] Find the definition and pronunciation of these words in the vocabulary.

with the clash of arms, or resounded with the noise of feasting and revelry.

On either side the banks of the Medway, covered with corn-fields and pastures, with here and there a windmill, or a distant church, stretched away as far as the eye could see, presenting a rich and varied landscape, rendered more beautiful by the changing shadows which passed swiftly across it, as the thin and half-formed clouds skimmed away in the light of the morning sun. The river, reflecting the clear blue of the sky, glistened and sparkled as it flowed noiselessly on; and the oars of the fishermen dipped into the water with a clear and liquid sound, as the heavy but picturesque boats glided slowly down the stream.

Mr. Pickwick gazed so long at the landscape that when he returned to the inn he found his three companions had risen, and were waiting his arrival to commence breakfast, which was ready, laid in a tempting display. They sat down to the meal; and broiled ham, eggs, tea, coffee, and sundries began to disappear with a rapidity which at once bore testimony to the excellence of the fare and the appetites of its consumers.

"Now, about Manor Farm," said Mr. Pickwick. "How shall we go?"

"We had better consult the waiter, perhaps," said Mr. Tupman, and the waiter was summoned accordingly.

"Dingley Dell, gentlemen — fifteen miles, gentlemen — cross-road — post-chaise, sir?"

"Post-chaise won't hold more than two," said Mr. Pickwick.

"True, sir — beg your pardon, sir. Very nice four-wheeled chaise, sir — seat for two behind — one in front for the gentleman that drives — oh! beg your pardon, sir, — that'll only hold three."

"What's to be done?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Perhaps one of the gentlemen would like to ride, sir?" suggested the waiter, looking toward Mr. Winkle. "Very good saddle horses, sir, — any of Mr. Wardle's men coming to Rochester can bring them back, sir."

"The very thing," said Mr. Pickwick. "Winkle, will you go on horseback?"

Mr. Winkle did entertain considerable misgiving in the very lowest recesses of his own heart, relative to his equestrian skill, but, as he would not have them even suspected on any account, he at once replied with great hardihood, "Certainly, I should enjoy it of all things."

Mr. Winkle had rushed upon his fate; there was no resource. "Let them be at the door by eleven," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Very well, sir," replied the waiter.

The waiter retired; the breakfast concluded; and the travellers retired to their respective bedrooms to prepare a change of clothing, to take with them on their approaching expedition.

Mr. Pickwick had made his preliminary arrangements

and was looking over the coffee-room blinds at the passengers in the street, when the waiter entered and announced that the chaise was ready; an announcement which the vehicle itself confirmed, by forthwith appearing before the coffee-room blinds.

It was a curious little green box on four wheels, with a low place for two behind, and an elevated seat for one in front, drawn by an immense brown horse, displaying great symmetry of bone. A hostler stood near, holding by the bridle another immense horse — apparently a near relative of the animal in the chaise — ready saddled for Mr. Winkle.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Pickwick, as they stood upon the pavement while the coats were being put in. "Bless my soul! who's to drive? I never thought of that."

"Oh! you, of course," said Mr. Tupman.

"Of course," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"I!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Not the slightest fear, sir," interposed the hostler. "Warrant him quiet, sir; a hinfant in arms might drive him."

"He doesn't shy, does he?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Shy, sir? He wouldn't shy if he was to meet a vaggin-load of monkeys with their tails burnt off."

The last recommendation was indisputable. Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass climbed into the chaise; Mr.

Pickwick ascended to his seat, and deposited his feet on a floor-cloth shelf, erected beneath it for that purpose.

"Now, shiny Villiam," said the hostler to the deputy hostler, "give the gentleman the ribbons." "Shiny Villiam" — so called, probably, from his sleek hair and oily countenance — placed the reins in Mr. Pickwick's left hand, and the hostler thrust the whip into his right.

"Wo-o!" cried Mr. Pickwick, as the tall quadruped evinced a decided inclination to back into the coffee-room window.

"Wo-o!" echoed Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass.

"Only his playfulness, gentlemen," said the head hostler encouragingly; "just catch hold of him, Villiam."

The deputy restrained the animal's impetuosity, and the hostler ran to assist Mr. Winkle in mounting.

"The other side, sir, if you please."

"The gentleman was getting up on the wrong side," whispered a grinning post-boy to the waiter.

Mr. Winkle, thus instructed, climbed into his saddle with about as much difficulty as he would have experienced in getting up the side of a first-rate man-of-war.

"All right?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, with an inward presentiment that it was all wrong.

"All right," replied Mr. Winkle faintly.

"Let 'em go," cried the hostler; "hold him in, sir,"— and away went the chaise, and the saddle horse, with Mr. Pickwick on the box of the one, and Mr. Winkle on the

back of the other, to the delight and gratification of the whole inn yard.

"What makes him go so sideways?" said Mr. Snodgrass in the chaise to Mr. Winkle in the saddle.

"I can't imagine," replied Mr. Winkle. His horse was drifting up the street in the most mysterious manner — side first, with his head toward one side of the way, and his tail toward the other.

Mr. Pickwick had no leisure to observe either this or any other particular, the whole of his faculties being concentrated in the management of the animal attached to the chaise, who displayed various peculiarities, highly interesting to a bystander, but by no means equally amusing to any one seated behind him.

Besides constantly jerking his head up, in a very unpleasant and uncomfortable manner, and tugging at the reins to an extent which rendered it a matter of great difficulty for Mr. Pickwick to hold them, he had a singular propensity for darting suddenly every now and then to the side of the road, then stopping short, then rushing forward for some minutes at a speed which it was wholly impossible to control.

"What *can* he mean by this?" said Mr. Snodgrass, when the horse had executed this manœuvre for the twentieth time.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Tupman; "it *looks* very like shying, doesn't it?"

Mr. Snodgrass was about to reply, when he was interrupted by a shout from Mr. Pickwick.

"Wo-o!" said that gentleman; "I have dropped my whip."

"Winkle," said Mr. Snodgrass, as the equestrian came trotting up on the tall horse, with his hat over his ears, and shaking all over, as if he would shake to pieces with the violence of the exercise, "pick up the whip, there's a good fellow."

Mr. Winkle pulled at the bridle of the tall horse till he was black in the face; and having at length succeeded in stopping him, he dismounted, handed the whip to Mr. Pickwick, and grasping the reins firmly in his right hand, prepared to remount.

Now, whether the tall horse, in the natural playfulness of his disposition, was desirous of having a little innocent recreation with Mr. Winkle, or whether it occurred to him that he could perform the journey as much to his own satisfaction without a rider as with one, are points upon which, of course, we can arrive at no definite and distinct conclusion. By whatever motives the animal was actuated, certain it is that Mr. Winkle had no sooner touched the reins than he slipped them over his head, and darted backwards to their full length.

"Poor fellow," said Mr. Winkle, soothingly, — "poor fellow — good old horse." The "poor fellow" was proof against flattery: the more Mr. Winkle tried to get nearer

him, the more he sidled away; and notwithstanding all kinds of coaxing and wheedling, there were Mr. Winkle and the horse going round and round each other for ten minutes, at the end of which time each was precisely the same distance from each other as when they first commenced — an unsatisfactory sort of thing under any circumstances, but particularly so in a lonely road, where no assistance can be procured.

"What am I to do?" shouted Mr. Winkle, after the dodging had been prolonged for a considerable time. "What am I to do? He won't stand still. I can't get on him."

"You had better lead him till we come to a turnpike," replied Mr. Pickwick from the chaise.

"But he won't come!" roared Mr. Winkle. "Do come and hold him."

Mr. Pickwick was the very personation of kindness and humanity; he threw the reins on the horse's back, and having descended from his seat, carefully drew the chaise into the hedge, lest anything should come along the road, and stepped back to the assistance of his distressed companion, leaving Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the vehicle.

The horse no sooner beheld Mr. Pickwick advancing toward him with the chaise whip in his hand, than he exchanged the rotatory motion in which he had previously indulged, for a backward movement of so very determined

a character, that it at once drew Mr. Winkle, who was still at the end of the bridle, at a rather quicker rate than fast walking, in the direction from which they had just come. Mr. Pickwick ran to his assistance, but the faster Mr. Pickwick ran forward, the faster the horse ran backward. There was a great scraping of feet and kicking up of the dust; and at last Mr. Winkle, his arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets, fairly let go his hold. The horse paused, stared, shook his head, turned round, and quietly trotted home to Rochester, leaving Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick gazing on each other with countenances of blank dismay.

A rattling noise at a little distance attracted their attention. They looked up. "Bless my soul!" exclaimed the agonized Mr. Pickwick, "there's the other horse running away!"

It was but too true. The animal was startled by the noise, and the reins were on his back. The result may be guessed. He tore off with the four-wheeled chaise behind him, and Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the four-wheeled chaise. The heat was a short one. Mr. Tupman threw himself into the hedge, Mr. Snodgrass followed his example, the horse dashed the four-wheeled chaise against a wooden bridge, separated the wheels from the body, and finally stood stock still to gaze upon the ruin he had made.

The first care of the two unspilt friends was to help

MR. PICKWICK DRIVES

their unfortunate companions from their bed of quickset, — a process which gave them the satisfaction of discovering that they had sustained no injury beyond sundry rents in their garments, and various scratches from the brambles. The next thing to be done was to unharness the horse. This complicated process having been finally effected, the four gentlemen walked slowly forward, leading the horse among them, and abandoning the chaise to its fate.

It was late in the afternoon when the four friends and their four-footed companion turned into the lane leading to Manor Farm; and even when they were so near their place of destination, the pleasure they would have otherwise experienced was damped as they reflected on their appearance, and the absurdity of their situation.

Torn clothes, lacerated faces, dusty shoes, exhausted looks, and, above all, the horse! Oh, how Mr. Pickwick cursed that horse! He had eyed the noble animal from time to time with looks expressive of hatred and revenge; more than once he had calculated the probable amount of the expense he would incur by cutting his throat; and now the temptation to destroy him, or to cast him loose upon the world, rushed upon his mind with tenfold force. He was roused from a meditation of these dire imaginings by the sudden appearance of two figures at a turn of the lane. It was Mr. Wardle and his faithful attendant, the fat boy.

"Why, where *have* you been?" said the hospitable old gentleman; "I have been waiting for you all day. Well, you *do* look tired. What! Scratches! Not hurt, I hope — eh? Well, I *am* glad to hear that — very. So you've been spilt, eh? Never mind. Common accident in these parts. Joe — he's asleep again! — Joe, take that horse from the gentleman, and lead it into the stable."

The fat boy sauntered heavily behind them with the animal; and the old gentleman, condoling with his guests in homely phrase on so much of the day's adventures as they thought proper to communicate, led the way to the kitchen.

"We'll have you put to rights here," said the old gentleman, "and then I'll introduce you to the people in the parlor. Emma, bring a needle and thread; towels and water, Mary. Come, girls, bustle about."

When his guests had been washed, mended, and brushed, Mr. Wardle led them through several dark passages, until they arrived at the parlor door.

"Welcome," said their hospitable host, throwing the door open and stepping forward to announce them, "welcome, gentlemen, to Manor Farm."

— CHARLES DICKENS.

MR. WINKLE SKATES[1]

depicted[2]	frenzied	spasmodic	emphatic
impetuous	prodigies	disengage	predecessor
reference	spectator	marvellous	probability
dexterity	extricated	evolutions	unparalleled
remonstrated	testimony	lineament	invigorating

On Christmas morning Mr. Wardle invited Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and his other guests to go down to the pond.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Mr. Wardle.

"Ye—s; oh! yes," replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I—am *rather* out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it so much."

"Oh, it is so graceful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was "elegant," and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swanlike."

"I should be very happy, I am sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening, "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pairs, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more downstairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

[1] See note on page 263.

[2] Find the definition and pronunciation of these words in the vocabulary.

Mr. Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shovelled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices,—to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies,—which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm, when Mr. Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions, which they called a reel.

All this time Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his shoes, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone, "off with you, and show them how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These — these — are very awkward skates; aren't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afraid there's an awkward gentleman in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just going to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank 'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it to you this afternoon, Sam."

MR. WINKLE SKATES

"You're wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam, will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There — that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and unswanlike manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the bank, "Sam!"

"Sir?"

"Here. I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor calling? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian, and in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his face.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders; and beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words, "You're a humbug, sir."

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir."

With those words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

While Mr. Pickwick was delivering himself of the sentiment just recorded, Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having by their joint endeavors cut out a slide, were

exercising themselves thereupon in a very masterly and brilliant manner. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful feat of fancy sliding which is currently called "knocking at the cobbler's door," and which is achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot, and occasionally giving a postman's knock upon it with the other. It was a good long slide, and there was something in the motion which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

"It looks like a nice warm exercise that, doesn't it?" he inquired of Mr. Wardle.

"Ah, it does indeed," replied Wardle. "Do you slide?"

"I used to do so on the gutters, when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh, do, please, Mr. Pickwick!" cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick, "but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh, pooh! Nonsense!" said Wardle, dragging off his skates with the impetuosity which characterized all his proceedings. "Here, I'll keep you company; come along!" And away went the good-tempered old fellow down the slide, with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller, and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves

and put them in his hat, took two or three short runs, stopped as often, and at last took another run and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

"Keep the pot a-boiling, sir," said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other's heels, and running after each other with as much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition.

It was the most intensely interesting thing to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony; to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up; to see him gradually expend the painful force he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face toward the point from which he had started; to contemplate the playful smile which mantled his face when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so and ran after his predecessor; his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow, and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles; and when he was knocked down (which happened on the average of every third round), it was

the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief, with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank with an ardor and enthusiasm that nothing could abate.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp, smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush toward the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared; the water bubbled up over it; Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface, and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance; the men turned pale and the women fainted; Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand, and gazed with frenzied eagerness at the spot where their leader had gone down; while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming "Fire!" with all his might.

It was at this moment, when Mr. Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps, that a face, head, and shoulders emerged from beneath the water, and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

"Keep yourself up for an instant — for only one instant!" bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

"Yes, do, let me implore you — for my sake!" roared Mr. Winkle, deeply affected.

"Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?" said Wardle.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face, and gasping for breath. "I fell upon my back. I couldn't get on my feet at first."

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick's coat as was yet visible bore testimony to the truth of this statement; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy's suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valor were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing, and cracking, and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position, and once more stood on dry land.

"Oh, he'll catch his death of cold," said Emily.

"Let me wrap this shawl round you," said Arabella.

"Ah, that's the best thing you can do," said Wardle; "and when you've got it on, run home as fast as your legs can carry you, and jump into bed directly."

A dozen shawls were offered on the instant. Three or four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up, and started off, under the guidance of Mr. Weller, presenting the singular appearance of an elderly gentleman, dripping wet, and without a hat, with his arms bound down to his sides, skimming over the

ground, without any clearly defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles an hour.

But Mr. Pickwick cared not for appearances in such an extreme case, and urged on by Mr. Weller, he kept at the very top of his speed until he reached the door of Manor Farm, where he paused not an instant till he was snug in bed. — CHARLES DICKENS.

EACH AND ALL

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
Of thee from the hilltop looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear, — they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.

Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth: —"
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club moss burs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

GULLIVER'S VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT[1]

posture[2]	inured	dexterity	retinue
jerkin	conveyed	metropolis	excessive
imperial	surveyed	encompassed	frequently
edifice	prodigious	magnificence	apprehensive

On the fifth of November, which was the beginning of summer in the South Sea, we spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately wrecked. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, succeeded in getting clear of the ship and rock.

We trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour the boat was overturned by a sudden gust from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as those who escaped on the rock, I could not tell, but I concluded that they were all lost.

For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I was almost exhausted, when I suddenly found myself within my depth; and by this time the storm was much abated. I walked nearly a mile before I got to the shore; and then advanced nearly half a mile across the country, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants.

[1] See note on page 263.

[2] Find the definition and pronunciation of these words in the vocabulary.

I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept more soundly than ever I remember to have done in my life. When I waked, it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, was tied down in the same manner. I heard a confused noise about me; but in the posture I lay, could see nothing but the sky.

In a little while I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which advancing gently forward on my breast, came almost up to my chin; then turning my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the meantime, I felt at least forty more of the same kind following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loudly, that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterward told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. They soon returned, however, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, said a few words in a shrill voice; the others repeated these words several times, but I knew not what they meant.

I lay all this while, in great uneasiness; at length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground. At the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and in an instant I felt a hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles.

When this shower of arrows was over, I tried again to get loose, but they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides. By good luck I had on a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and when the people observed that I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, near my right ear, I heard a knocking for more than an hour, like that of people at work. On turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it; from whence one of them,

who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable.

I answered in a few words, but in a most submissive manner, and being almost famished with hunger, I could not forbear showing my impatience by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The orator then descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked toward my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders.

I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves of bread at a time, about the size of musket bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my appetite.

I then made another sign that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me, and slung up with great dexterity one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it toward my hand, and beat out the top. I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint. A second

hogshead I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me.

When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast. I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing to and fro on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence.

After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for food, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency having mounted on my ankle, advanced forward up to my face, with a dozen of his retinue, and spoke about ten minutes, pointing forward, which, as I afterward found, was toward the capital city, about a half a mile distant; whither it was agreed by his majesty that I must be conveyed. I made a sign with my hand that was loose, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me, for he shook his head and held his hand in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner.

However, he made other signs to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Soon after I heard a general shout, and I felt great numbers of people on my left side relaxing the

cords to such a degree that I was able to turn upon my right side.

It seems that when I was discovered sleeping on the ground, after my landing, the emperor had notice of it by a messenger, and he determined that I should be tied while I slept, that plenty of meat and drink should be sent me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This emperor has several machines fixed on wheels for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men-of-war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long and four feet wide, and moving upon twenty-two wheels.

The shout I heard was upon the arrival of the engine, which set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay, but the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of coarse thread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had tied round my neck, hands, body, and legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up

these cords, by many pulleys fastened on the poles, and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told; for while it was being done, I lay in a profound sleep.

Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four and a half inches high, were employed to draw me toward the metropolis, which as I said was half a mile distant. We made a long march during the remaining part of the day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir.

The next morning at sunrise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gate about noon. The emperor and all his court came out to meet us; but his officers would by no means allow his majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped, there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom, and in this edifice it was determined I should lodge. On each side of the gate was a small window, not more than six inches from the ground, and into the one on the left side, the king's smiths conveyed four score and eleven chains (about as large as watch chains), which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break

loose, they cut all the strings that bound me, whereupon I rose to my feet and looked about me.

I must confess that I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country around appeared like a garden, and the enclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled so many flower-beds. These fields were intermingled with woods, and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theatre.

The emperor now advanced on horseback and surveyed me with great admiration, but kept beyond the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers to give me food and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicle upon wheels. I took these vehicles and soon emptied them all; twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten with drink; each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls, and I drank off the liquid at one draught. His imperial majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers; but neither of us could understand a syllable. After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard.

Toward night I crept with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so for about a fortnight; during which time the emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds were brought in carriages, and worked up in my

house; a hundred and fifty of the beds, sewn together, made up the breadth and length, and these were four double; which, howèver, kept me but indifferently from the hardness of the stone floor. In the same way, they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets, good enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships.

An establishment was also made of six hundred persons to be my servants, and tents were built for them very conveniently on each side of my door. It was likewise ordered that three hundred tailors should make me a suit of clothes, after the fashion of the country; that six of his majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language; and lastly, that the emperor's horses, and those of the nobility and troops of guards, should be frequently exercised in my sight, to accustom themselves to me.

All these orders were duly put in execution; and in about three weeks I made great progress in learning their language; during which time the emperor frequently honored me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. My gentleness and good behavior had gained so far on the emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favorable disposition. The natives came, by degrees, to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down

and let five or six of them dance on my head; and at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play hide-and-seek in my hair.

The horses of the army, having been daily led before me, were no longer shy, but would come up to my very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand, as I held it on the ground; and one of the emperor's huntsmen, upon a large courser, took my foot, shoe and all; which was indeed a prodigious leap.

I had sent so many petitions for my liberty, that his majesty at length mentioned the matter, first in the cabinet, and then in full council, where it was opposed by none.

The first request I made after I had obtained my liberty was that I might have permission to see Mildendo, the metropolis; which the emperor readily granted, but with a special charge to do no hurt either to the houses or inhabitants. The people had notice, by proclamation, of my design to visit the town. The wall which encompassed it is two feet and a half high, and at least eleven inches broad, so that a coach and horses may be driven very safely round it; and it is flanked with strong towers at ten feet distance.

I stepped over the great western gate, and passed very gently sideways through the two principal streets, wearing only my short waistcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eaves of the houses with the skirts of my coat. I

walked with the utmost care, to avoid treading on any stragglers who might remain in the streets; although the orders were very strict that all people should keep in their houses at their own peril.

The garret windows and tops of houses were so crowded with spectators that I thought in all my travels I had not seen a more populous place. The city is an exact square, each side of the wall being five hundred feet long. The two great streets which run across and divide it into four quarters are five feet wide. The lanes and alleys, which I could not enter, but only viewed as I passed, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thousand persons; the houses are from three to five stories high, and the shops and markets are well provided.

The emperor had a great desire that I should see his palace. By stepping over the buildings I contrived to get into the inmost court; and then, lying down upon my side, I looked in at the windows of the middle stories. There I saw the most splendid apartments that can be imagined. The empress smiled at me from one of the windows and gave me her hand to kiss.

—JONATHAN SWIFT.

TWO OLD SOLDIERS[1]

PART I

deign[2]	assemble	fluent	Segovia
route	trumpeter	pinioned	Guadarama
durance	Morisco	bandolero	Escurial
corporal	Granada	caparisoned	Andalusia
warrior	Alhambra	potentate	contrabandista

One bright summer morning a patrol, consisting of a corporal, a trumpeter, and two privates, was seated beside the road which leads down from the Mountain of the Sun, when they heard the tramp of a horse, and a male voice singing in rough, though not unmusical tones, an old Castilian campaigning song.

Presently they beheld a sturdy, sunburnt fellow, clad in the ragged garb of a foot-soldier, leading a powerful Arabian horse caparisoned in the ancient Morisco fashion.

Astonished at the sight of a strange soldier descending, steed in hand, from that solitary mountain, the corporal stepped forth and challenged him.

"Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Who and what are you?"

[1] See note on page 263.

[2] Find the definition and pronunciation of these words in the vocabulary.

"A poor soldier just from the wars, with a cracked crown and empty purse for a reward."

By this time they were able to view him more narrowly. He had a black patch across his forehead, a grizzled beard, and a slight squint which threw into his face an occasional gleam of roguish good-humor.

Having answered the questions of the patrol, the soldier seemed to consider himself entitled to make others in return. "May I ask," said he, "what city that is which I see at the foot of the hill?"

"What city!" cried the trumpeter; "come, that is too bad. Here's a fellow lurking about the Mountain of the Sun and demands the name of the great city of Granada!"

"Granada! Can it be possible?"

"Perhaps not!" rejoined the trumpeter; "and perhaps you have no idea that yonder are the towers of the Alhambra."

"Son of a trumpet," replied the stranger, "do not trifle with me. If this be indeed the Alhambra, I have some strange matters to reveal to the governor."

"You will have an opportunity," said the corporal, "for we mean to take you before him." The trumpeter seized the bridle of the steed, the two privates secured an arm of the soldier, the corporal put himself in front, gave the word of command, "Forward — march!" and away they marched for the Alhambra.

The sight of a ragged foot-soldier and a fine Arabian horse, brought in captive by the patrol, attracted the attention of all the idlers of the fortress, and of those gossip groups that generally assemble about wells and fountains at early dawn. A motley train gradually gathered in the rear of the escort.

Knowing nods and winks and conjectures passed from one to another. "It is a deserter," said one; "A contrabandista," said another; "A bandolero," said a third;—until it was affirmed that a captain of a desperate band of robbers had been captured by the prowess of the corporal and his patrol. "Well, well," said the old crones, one to another, "captain or not, let him get out of the grasp of old Governor Manco, if he can, though he is but one-handed."

Governor Manco was seated in one of the inner halls of the Alhambra, taking his morning cup of chocolate. A demure, dark-eyed damsel, the daughter of the housekeeper, was attending upon him.

When word was brought that a suspicious stranger had been taken lurking about the fortress, and was actually in the outer court, in durance of the corporal, waiting the pleasure of his Excellency, the pride and stateliness of office swelled the bosom of the governor. Giving back his chocolate-cup into the hands of the demure damsel, he called for his basket-hilted sword, girded it to his side, twirled up his mustache, took his seat in a large high-

backed chair, assumed a forbidding aspect, and ordered the prisoner into his presence. The soldier was brought in, still closely pinioned by his captors, and guarded by the corporal. He maintained, however, a resolute, self-confident air, and returned the sharp, scrutinizing look of the governor with an easy squint, which by no means pleased the potentate.

"Well, culprit," said the governor, after he had regarded him for a moment in silence, "what have you to say for yourself — who are you?"

"A soldier from the wars, who has brought away nothing but scars and bruises."

"A soldier — humph — a foot-soldier by your garb. I understand you have a fine Arabian horse. I presume you brought him, too, from the wars, besides your scars and bruises."

"May it please your Excellency, I have something strange to tell about that horse. Indeed, I have one of the most wonderful things to relate. Something, too, that concerns the security of this fortress, indeed of all Granada. But it is a matter to be imparted only to your private ear, or in the presence of such only as are in your confidence."

The governor considered for a moment, and then directed the corporal and his men to withdraw, but to post themselves outside of the door, and be ready at a call. "This holy friar," said he, "is my confessor, you may say anything in his presence; and this damsel," nodding

toward the handmaid, "this damsel is of great discretion, and to be trusted with anything."

When all the rest had withdrawn, the soldier commenced his story. He was a fluent, smooth-tongued varlet, and had a command of language above his apparent rank.

"May it please your Excellency," said he, "I am, as I before observed, a soldier, and have seen some hard service, but my term of enlistment being expired, I was discharged, not long since, from the army, and set out on foot for my native village in Andalusia. Yesterday evening the sun went down as I was traversing a great dry plain of Old Castile."

"Hold!" cried the governor; "what is this you say? Old Castile is some two or three hundred miles from this."

"Even so," replied the stranger, coolly. "I told your Excellency I had strange things to relate; but not more strange than true, as your Excellency will find, if you will deign me a patient hearing."

"Proceed, culprit," said the governor.

"As the sun went down," continued the soldier, "I cast my eyes about in search of quarters for the night, but as far as my sight could reach there were no signs of habitation. I saw that I should have to make my bed on the naked plain, with my knapsack for a pillow; but your Excellency is an old soldier, and knows that to one who

has been in the wars such a night's lodging is no great hardship."

The governor nodded assent.

"Well, to make a long story short," continued the soldier, "I trudged forward for several miles until I came to a bridge over a deep ravine, through which ran a little thread of water, almost dried up by the summer heat. At one end of the bridge was a Moorish tower, the upper end all in ruins, but a room in the foundation quite entire. Here, thinks I, is a good place to make a halt; so I went down to the stream, and took a hearty drink, for the water was pure and sweet, and I was parched with thirst; then, opening my wallet, I took out an onion and a few crusts, which were all my provisions, and seating myself on a stone on the margin of the stream, began to make my supper, — intending afterwards to quarter myself for the night in the tower, and capital quarters they would have been for a campaigner just from the wars, as your Excellency, who is an old soldier, may suppose."

"I have put up gladly with worse in my time," said the governor.

"While I was quietly crunching my crusts," pursued the soldier, "I heard something stir within the tower; I listened — it was the tramp of a horse. By and by a man came from a door in the foundation of the tower, leading a powerful horse by the bridle. I could not well make out what he was, by the starlight. It had a suspicious

look to be lurking among the ruins of a tower, in that wild, solitary place. He might be a mere wayfarer like myself; he might be a contrabandista; he might be a bandolero! what of that! thank heaven and my poverty, I had nothing to lose; so I sat still and crunched my crust.

"He led his horse to the water, close by where I was sitting, so that I had a fair opportunity of looking him over. To my surprise he was dressed in a Moorish garb, with a cuirass of steel. His horse, too, was caparisoned in the Morisco fashion, with great stirrups. He led him, as I said, to the side of the stream, into which the animal plunged his head almost to the eyes, and drank until I thought he would have burst.

"'Comrade,' said I, 'your steed drinks well; it is a good sign when a horse plunges his muzzle bravely into the water.'

"'He may well drink,' said the stranger, speaking with a Moorish accent; 'it is a good year since he had his last draught.'

"'That beats even the camels I have seen in Africa,' said I. 'But come, you seem to be something of a soldier, will you sit down and take part of a soldier's fare?' In fact, I felt the want of a companion in this lonely place. Besides, as your Excellency well knows, a soldier is never particular about his company, and soldiers of all countries are comrades on peaceable grounds."

The governor again nodded assent.

"Well, as I was saying, I invited him to share my supper, such as it was, for I could not do less in common hospitality. 'I have no time to pause for meat or drink,' said he. 'I have a long journey to make before morning.'

"'In what direction?' said I.

"'Andalusia,' said he.

"'Exactly my route,' said I; 'so, as you won't stop and eat with me, perhaps you will let me mount and ride with you. I see your horse is of a powerful frame; I'll warrant he'll carry double.'

"'Agreed,' said the trooper; and, indeed, it would not have been civil and soldier-like for him to refuse my request, especially as I had offered to share my supper with him. So he mounted his horse, and up I mounted behind him.

"'Hold fast,' said he. 'My steed goes like the wind, and I have no time to lose.'

"'Never fear for me,' said I, and off we set.

"From a walk the horse soon passed to a trot, and from a trot to a gallop, and from a gallop to a harum-scarum scamper. It seemed as if rocks, trees, houses, everything, flew hurry-scurry behind us.

"'What town is this?' said I.

"'Segovia,' said he; and before the words were out of his mouth the towers of Segovia were out of sight. We swept up the Guadarama Mountains, and down by the

Escurial; and we skirted the walls of Madrid, and we scoured away across the plains of La Mancha. In this way we went up hill and down dale, by towers and cities, all buried in deep sleep, and across mountains, and plains, and rivers, just glimmering in the starlight.

"To make a long story short, and not to fatigue your Excellency, the trooper suddenly pulled up on the side of a mountain. 'Here we are,' said he, 'at the end of our journey.' I looked about but could see no signs of habitation, nothing but the mouth of a cavern. While I looked I saw multitudes of people in Moorish dress, some on horseback, some on foot, arising as if borne by the wind from all points of the compass, hurrying into the mouth of the cavern like bees into a hive. Before I could ask a question, the trooper struck his long Moorish spurs into the horse's flanks, and dashed in with the throng.

"We passed along a steep winding way, that descended into the very depths of the mountain. As we pushed on, a light began to glimmer up, little by little, like the first glimmerings of day, but what caused it I could not discern. It grew stronger and stronger, and enabled me to see everything around. I now noticed, as we passed along, great caverns opening to the right and left, like halls in an arsenal. In some there were shields, helmets, lances and cimeters, hanging against the walls; in others there were great heaps of warlike munitions, and tent equipage lying upon the ground.

"It would have done your Excellency's heart good, being an old soldier, to have seen such grand provision for war. Then, in other caverns, there were long rows of horsemen armed to the teeth, with lances raised and banners unfurled, all ready for the field; but they all sat motionless in their saddles, like so many statues. In other halls were warriors sleeping on the ground beside their horses, and foot-soldiers in groups ready to fall into the rank. All were in old-fashioned Moorish dress and armor.

"Well, your Excellency, to cut a long story short, we at length entered an immense cavern, or I may say palace, of grotto-work, the walls of which seemed to be veined with gold and silver, and to sparkle with diamonds and sapphires, and all kinds of precious stones.

"At the upper end sat a Moorish king on a golden throne, with his nobles on each side, and a guard of soldiers with drawn cimeters. All the crowd that continued to flock in, and amounted to thousands and thousands, passed one by one before his throne, each paying homage as he passed. Some of the multitude were dressed in magnificent robes, without stain or blemish, and sparkling with jewels; others were clad from head to foot in burnished and enamelled armor; while others were in mouldered and mildewed garments, and in armor all battered and dented and covered with rust.

"I had hitherto held my tongue, for your Excellency

THE COURT AND ARMY OF BOABDIL

well knows it is not for a soldier to ask many questions when on duty, but I could keep silent no longer.

"'Prithee, comrade,' said I, 'what is the meaning of all this?'

"'This,' said the trooper, 'is a great and fearful mystery. Know, O Christian, that you see before you the court and army of Boabdil, the last king of Granada.'

"'What is this you tell me?' said I. 'Boabdil and his court were exiled from the land hundreds of years ago, and all died in Africa.'

"'So it is recorded in your lying chronicles,' replied the Moor, 'but know that Boabdil and the warriors who made the last struggle for Granada were all shut up in the mountain by powerful enchantment. And furthermore let me tell you, friend, that all Spain is a country under the power of enchantment. There is not a mountain-cave, not a lonely watch-tower in the plains, nor ruined castle on the hills, but has some spell-bound warriors sleeping from age to age within its vaults.

"'Once every year they are released from enchantment from sunset to sunrise, and permitted to repair here to pay homage to their sovereign; and the crowds which you beheld swarming into the cavern are Moslem warriors from their haunts in all parts of Spain. For my own part, you saw the ruined tower of the bridge in Old Castile, where I have now wintered and summered for many hundred years, and where I must be back again by daybreak.

As to the battalions of horse and foot which you beheld drawn up in array in the neighboring caverns, they are the spellbound warriors of Granada. It is written in the book of fate, that when the enchantment is broken, Boabdil will descend the mountain at the head of this army, resume his throne in the Alhambra and his sway of Granada, and gathering together the enchanted warriors from all parts of Spain, will reconquer the peninsula and restore it to the Moslem rule.'

"'And when shall this happen?' said I.

"'Allah alone knows; we had hoped the day of deliverance was at hand; but there reigns at present a vigilant governor in the Alhambra, a stanch old soldier, well known as Governor Manco. While such a warrior holds command of the very outpost, and stands ready to check the first eruption from the mountain, I fear Boabdil and his soldiery must be content to rest upon their arms.'"

Here the governor raised himself, adjusted his sword, and twirled up his mustache.

"To make a long story short, and not to fatigue your Excellency, the trooper, having given me this account, dismounted from his steed.

"'Tarry here,' said he, 'and guard my steed, while I go and bow the knee to Boabdil.' So saying, he strode away among the throng that pressed forward to the throne."

Part II

Toledo[1]	convoy	visage	hyena
bolero	tradition	habitation	function
veteran	decorum	universal	menagerie
mollify	fugitives	mitigate	merchandise
sentinel	sagacity	esplanade	subterranean

"'What's to be done?' thought I, when thus left to myself; 'shall I wait here until this ghost returns to whisk me off on his goblin steed, or shall I make the most of my time and beat a retreat from this hobgoblin community?' A soldier's mind is soon made up, as your Excellency well knows. As to the horse, he belonged to an avowed enemy of the realm, and was a fair prize according to the rules of war. So, hoisting myself from the crupper into the saddle, I turned the reins, struck the Moorish stirrups into the sides of the steed, and urged him to make the best of his way out of the passage by which he had entered.

"As we scoured by the halls where the Moslem horsemen sat in motionless battalions, I thought I heard the clang of armor and a hollow murmur of voices. I gave the steed another taste of the stirrups and doubled my speed. There was now a sound behind me like a rushing blast; I heard the clatter of a thousand hoofs; a count-

[1] Find the definition and pronunciation of these words in the vocabulary.

less throng overtook me. I was borne along in the press, and hurled forth from the mouth of the cavern, while thousands of shadowy forms were swept off in every direction by the four winds of heaven.

"In the whirl and confusion of the scene I was thrown senseless to the earth. When I came to myself, I was lying on the brow of a hill, with the Arabian steed standing beside me; for, in falling, my arm had slipped within the bridle, which, I presume, prevented his whisking off to Old Castile.

"Your Excellency may easily judge of my surprise, on looking round, to behold hedges of aloes and Indian figs and other proofs of a southern climate, and to see a great city below me, with towers and a grand cathedral.

"I descended the hill cautiously, leading my steed, for I was afraid to mount him again, lest he should play me some trick. As I descended I met your patrol, who let me into the secret that it was Granada that lay before me, and that I was actually under the walls of the Alhambra, the fortress of the redoubted Governor Manco, the terror of all enchanted Moslems. When I heard this, I determined at once to seek your Excellency, to inform you of all that I had seen, and to warn you of the perils that surround and undermine you, that you may take measures in time to guard your fortress, and the kingdom itself, from this army that lurks in the very depths of the earth."

"And prithee, friend, you who are a veteran campaigner, and have seen so much service," said the governor, "how would you advise me to proceed, in order to prevent this evil?"

"It is not for a humble private of the ranks," said the soldier, modestly, "to pretend to instruct a commander of your Excellency's sagacity; but it appears to me that your Excellency might cause all the caves and entrances into the mountains to be walled up with solid mason-work, so that Boabdil and his army might be completely corked up in their subterranean habitation."

The governor now placed his arms akimbo, with his hand resting on the hilt of his toledo, fixed his eye upon the soldier, and, gently wagging his head from one side to the other: "So, friend," said he, "then you really suppose I am to be cheated with this story about enchanted mountains and enchanted Moors? Hark ye, culprit! not another word. An old soldier you may be, but you'll find you have an older soldier to deal with, and one not easily outgeneralled. Ho! guards there! put this fellow in irons."

The demure handmaid would have put in a word in favor of the prisoner, but the governor silenced her with a look.

As they were pinioning the soldier, one of the guards felt something of bulk in his pocket, and, drawing it forth, found a long leathern purse that appeared to be well

filled. Holding it by one corner, he turned the contents upon the table before the governor. Out tumbled rings, jewels, rosaries of pearls, sparkling diamond crosses, and a profusion of ancient golden coin, some of which fell jingling to the floor, and rolled away to the uttermost parts of the chamber.

For a time the functions of justice were suspended; there was a universal scramble after the glittering fugitives. The governor alone, who was imbued with true Spanish pride, maintained his stately decorum, though his eye betrayed a little anxiety until the last coin and jewel was restored to the sack.

"Where hast thou stolen these precious jewels?" demanded Governor Manco.

"I was just going to tell your Excellency, when you interrupted me, that, on taking possession of the trooper's horse, I unhooked a leathern sack which hung at the saddle-bow."

"A clever tale! At present you will make up your mind to take up your quarters in a chamber of the vermilion tower, which, though not under a magic spell, will hold you as safe as any cave of your enchanted Moors."

"Your Excellency will do as you think proper," said the prisoner, coolly. "I shall be thankful to your Excellency for any accommodation in the fortress. A soldier who has been in the wars, as your Excellency well knows, is not particular about his lodgings."

Here ended the scene. The prisoner was conducted to a strong dungeon in the vermilion tower, the Arabian steed was led to his Excellency's stable, and the trooper's sack was deposited in his Excellency's strong box.

To explain these prompt and rigid measures on the part of old Governor Manco, it is proper to observe that about this time the mountains in the neighborhood of Granada were terribly infested by a gang of robbers, under the command of a daring chief named Manuel Borasco, who was accustomed to prowl about the country, and even to enter the city in various disguises, to gain intelligence of the departure of convoys of merchandise, or of travellers with well-lined purses, whom they took care to waylay in distant and solitary passes of the road.

The vermilion tower, as is well known, stands apart from the Alhambra on a sister hill, separated from the main fortress by the ravine, down which passes the main avenue. There were no outer walls, but a sentinel patrolled before the tower. The window of the chamber in which the soldier was confined was strongly grated, and looked upon a small esplanade. Here the good folk of Granada repaired to gaze at him, as they would at a laughing hyena, grinning through the cage of a menagerie. Visitors came not merely from the city, but from all parts of the country; but nobody knew him, and there began to be doubts in the minds of the common people whether there might not be some truth in his

story. That Boabdil and his army were shut up in the mountains was an old tradition, which many of the ancient inhabitants had heard from their fathers. Numbers went up to the Mountain of the Sun, or rather of St. Elena, in search of the cave mentioned by the soldier; and saw and peeped into the deep, dark pit, descending, no one knows how far, into the mountain, and which remains there to this day — the fabled entrance to the subterranean abode of Boabdil.

By degrees the soldier became popular with the common people, and many of them looked upon the prisoner in the light of a martyr.

The soldier, moreover, was a merry fellow, who had a joke for every one who came near his window. He had procured an old guitar, and would sit by his window and sing ballads to the delight of the women of the neighborhood, who would assemble on the esplanade in the evening and dance boleros to his music. Having trimmed off his rough beard, his sunburnt face found favor in the eyes of the fair handmaid of the governor. This kind-hearted damsel had from the first evinced a deep sympathy in his fortunes, and, having in vain tried to mollify the governor, had set to work privately to mitigate the rigor of his dispensations. Every day she brought the prisoner some crumbs of comfort which had fallen from the governor's table, or been abstracted from his larder.

While this petty treason was going on in the old governor's citadel, a storm of open war was brewing among his external foes. The circumstance of a bag of gold and jewels having been found upon the person of the supposed robber, had been reported in Granada. A question of territorial right was immediately started by the governor's rival, the captain-general. He therefore threatened to send a body of soldiers to transfer the prisoner from the vermilion tower to the city.

News of this was brought late at night to Governor Manco. "Let them come," said he, "they'll find me beforehand with them; he must rise bright and early who would take in an old soldier."

He accordingly issued orders to have his prisoner removed at daybreak, to the donjon-keep within the walls of the Alhambra. "And d'ye hear, child," said he to the handmaid, "tap at my door and wake me before cock-crowing, that I may see to the matter myself."

The day dawned, the cock crowed, but nobody tapped at the door of the governor. The sun rose high above the mountain tops, and glittered in at his casement, ere the governor was awakened from his morning dreams by his veteran corporal, who stood before him with terror stamped upon his iron visage.

"He's off! he's gone!" cried the corporal.

"Who's off — who's gone?"

"The soldier — the robber; his dungeon is empty, but

the door is locked; no one knows how he has escaped out of it."

"Who saw him last?"

"Your handmaid; she brought him his supper."

"Let her be called instantly."

Here was new matter of confusion. The chamber of the demure damsel was likewise empty. Her bed had not been slept in: she had doubtless gone off with the culprit, as she had appeared, for several days past, to have frequent conversations with him.

This was wounding the old governor in a tender part, but he had scarce time to wince at it, when new misfortunes broke upon his view. On going into his cabinet he found his strong box open, and the leather purse of the trooper abstracted.

But how had the fugitives escaped? A peasant who lived by the roadside leading up into the Sierra declared that he had heard the tramp of a powerful steed just before daybreak, passing up into the mountains. He had looked out of his casement, and could just distinguish a horseman with a woman seated before him.

"Search the stables!" cried Governor Manco.

The stables were searched; all the horses were in their stalls excepting the Arabian steed. In his place was a stout cudgel, tied to the manger, and on it a label bearing these words, "A Gift to Governor Manco, from an Old Soldier."

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

NOTES ON THE STORIES AND POEMS

(To be Read by Teachers and Pupils.)

The Sabot of Little Wolff is translated from the French of François Coppée (1842–), a French poet, dramatist, and novelist.

Perronet is selected from a book of short stories entitled "A Great Emergency and Other Tales," by Juliana Horatia Ewing (1841–1885), an Englishwoman, who wrote many charming stories for old and young. Among the most popular of her books are "Jackanapes," "Jan of the Windmill," and "The Story of a Short Life."

March, The Gladness of Nature, and **The Fringed Gentian** were written by William Cullen Bryant (1794–1878), an American poet and journalist. He wrote many poems about birds, flowers, and the changing seasons, which prove him to be a thoughtful and loving student of nature.

Daffodils was written by William Wordsworth (1770–1850), a celebrated English poet. He wrote many poems which express a genuine love of nature, and a familiar knowledge of her ways.

The River of Gold. — This is a selection from "The King of the Golden River," a charming story for children written by John Ruskin (1819–1900), an English author, celebrated for his prose style.

In reading this story one should note the beautiful description of the mountains, glacier, sky, clouds and sunsets, and how with a few well-chosen words the author changes the whole effect of the landscape from bright and cheering to dull and lowering.

The White Knight. — Lewis Carroll was the pen-name of Charles L. Dodgson, an English author (1832–1898), who wrote "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice through the Looking-Glass." These are

two delightful books for children, which recount the adventures of a little girl who visits Wonderland, and the country of which we catch a glimpse in the looking-glass. The friends she makes on these visits are known to thousands of children and grown people.

The Red Knight and the White Knight, the Red Queen and the White Queen, the White Rabbit, the Hatter, the Cheshire Cat, Humpty Dumpty, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, are among the most familiar characters in child literature.

Swiss Family Robinson. — This story was founded on the report of the captain of a Russian vessel, who discovered a group of islands southeast of Java. On landing on one of these islands he was surprised to find a family consisting of a father, mother, and four sons. These people had sailed from England, been overtaken by a fierce storm, and shipwrecked. They reached an uninhabited island where they lived many years.

The father tells the story of the trials through which his wife and children pass, the wonderful discoveries they make, and the dangers they encounter. This story was originally told by Johann David Wyss to his four children, and was afterward written out and published in Germany by his son, Rodolphe.

A Day in June. — This selection forms the prelude to "The Vision of Sir Launfal," a poem written by James Russell Lowell (1819–1891). The author was a distinguished American scholar, editor, essayist, and poet.

Black Beauty. — This selection is made from a book by the same name written by Anna Sewell (1820–1877), an Englishwoman. The story was written to teach kindness, sympathy, and common sense in the treatment of horses, and has done much to improve their condition. Thousands of copies of the book have been distributed by humane societies, both in Europe and America.

Don Quixote and the Lion; Don Quixote, Knight-Errant. — These selections recount the adventures of one Don Quixote, whose

fancy became so full of enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, and wooings (which he read of in books of chivalry), that he became quite mad, and fancied that it was right and requisite that he should make a knight-errant of himself, roaming the world over in full armor and on horseback, in quest of adventures, putting in practice all that he had read of knights-errant, righting every kind of wrong, and exposing himself to peril and danger, from which he was to reap eternal renown and fame.

The Don's imagination makes something extraordinary out of the most prosaic incident; whenever he acts he gets into trouble. His world and the real world continually clash, much to his astonishment.

The book entitled "Don Quixote" was written by Miguel de Cervantes (1547–1616), a Spanish poet and novelist, and its satire swept away the last relics and practices of the days of chivalry.

Anselmo is a story written by Jean Ingelow (1820–1897), an Englishwoman who wrote poems, novels, and books for children. She is best known to the children as the author of the poem "Seven Times One," and the story of "Mopsa, the Fairy."

The Building of the Ship was written by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882), an American poet. Among his best known poems are "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," "The Children's Hour," "The Village Blacksmith," and "A Psalm of Life."

Longfellow was born at Portland, Me., and lived many years at Cambridge, Mass., while he was a professor at Harvard College.

The Miraculous Pitcher is one of the stories in the "Wonder Book," which was written by Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804–1864), a famous American author who wrote many novels and books for children.

The "Wonder Book" contains several stories, all of which are founded on classic myths. "The Miraculous Pitcher" is founded on a Greek tale, according to which Philemon and Baucis offered hos-

pitality to the two Greek gods Zeus (Jupiter) and Hermes (Mercury), and were rewarded for their generosity. Another one of these stories is called "The Golden Touch," and is founded on the familiar story of King Midas.

Our Country Neighbors was written by Harriet Beecher Stowe (1811–1896), a noted American writer. She wrote several novels and stories for children. Her most famous work was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," published before the Civil War. It has been translated into more than twenty languages, and has been dramatized and acted in many towns and cities both in Europe and America.

Tom Brown at Rugby; Hare and Hounds. — Thomas Hughes (1823–1896), an English author and reformer, who was educated at Rugby (a school for boys in England), wrote "Tom Brown's School Days," from which these selections are made. He wrote later a sequel to the book entitled "Tom Brown at Oxford," which gives as accurate a picture of life in that famous university as "Tom Brown's School Days" gives of the life of a schoolboy at Rugby.

Sindbad, the Sailor, is one of the many delightful stories in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." This is a book which has been enjoyed by English-speaking people for nearly two hundred years. Before that time it had been the delight of Western Asia and of the Mohammedan colonies in Europe and Northern Africa for many centuries. Since its first translation into French it has been translated into every language of Europe.

The stories are pure narrative, — narrative without a moral, without any object but that of amusing the reader: they are simply stories. Two of the most familiar are "Aladdin's Lamp" and "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves."

The New Year was written by Alfred Tennyson (1809–1892), who was poet-laureate of England in the reign of Queen Victoria, from 1845 until the time of his death. His poems have had the greatest popularity of any written in the nineteenth century.

Mr. Pickwick Drives; Mr. Winkle Skates. — These two selections are taken from "Pickwick Papers" by Charles Dickens (1812–1870), one of the most popular of English novelists.

"Pickwick Papers" contains a most humorous account of the fortunes and misfortunes of the four gentlemen, Messrs. Pickwick, Snodgrass, Tupman, and Winkle, who together formed the Pickwick Club, and whose humorous though impossible adventures have been laughed over for years by the people of two continents. Sam Weller is one of the best known figures in humorous fiction.

Gulliver's Voyage to Lilliput. — This is a selection from "Gulliver's Travels" which was written by Jonathan Swift (1667–1745), an English man of letters. The book contains an account of four voyages of an English sailor, named Lemuel Gulliver. On one of these voyages he was shipwrecked on the island of Lilliput, the inhabitants of which were so small that Gulliver seemed to them a giant. On another voyage he visited Brobdingnag, the home of a race of giants.

Two Old Soldiers is a selection from "The Alhambra" by Washington Irving (1783–1859), an American historian, essayist, and novelist. He became greatly interested in Spain, and spent several years in that country. While there he wrote "The Life and Voyages of Columbus," "The Conquest of Granada," and "The Alhambra." The latter grew out of a few months' residence in the almost deserted palace and fortification of Alhambra in Granada. It consists of chapters of Moorish history and a number of Moorish legends.

Irving's best known tales are "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ā *as in* māde
ă " răt
ȧ " ȧsk
ä " fär
â " âll
ã " cãre
a̤ " a̤bove

ē *as in* mē
ĕ " lĕt
ẽ " hẽr
e̤ " hundre̤d

ī *as in* rīde
ĭ " pĭn
ĩ " fĩr

ȳ *as in* flȳ
ў " prettў

ō *as in* ōld
ŏ " ŏn
ȯ " lȯve
ö " möve
ô " fôr
o̤ " parlo̤r

ū *as in* ūse
ŭ " cŭp
u̇ " fu̇ll
ũ " fũr

o͞o *as in* bo͞ot
o͝o " fo͝ot

ç *as in* miçe
n̲ " ban̲k
g̊ " cag̊e
s̲ " eye s̲

VOCABULARY

ăb'sō lūte lў, entirely; wholly; completely.
ạb sôrb', engross; imbibe.
ạ bŭn'dạnt, plentiful; sufficient.
ạc coun'tạ ble, responsible; answerable.
ạc quāint', inform; introduce; make known.
ạc quāin'tạnçe, knowledge of; a person known to one.
ạd vánçe', move forward.
ăd'vērse, hostile; opposing desire.
ăġ ĭ tā'tion (shun), disturbance of mind; state of being shaken or moved.
ăg rĭ cŭl'tūr ạl, pertaining to or connected with farming.
ạ kĭm' bō, bent; crooked.
Al hăm'brạ, a citadel in Spain.
ăl'pĭne, pertaining to the Alpine mountains.
ăl tẽr'nạte lў, by turns; following one another.
ăm brō'ṣĭạ, the food of gods.
ạ mĕndṣ', recompense; satisfaction.
ā'mĭ ạ ble, friendly; loving; kindly.
ăm mụ nĭ'tion (shun), military stores.
ăn ạ cŏn'dă, a very large serpent.
An dă lu sia (lō'zĭ ạ) a province in Spain.
anx ious lў (angk'shus) in a greatly troubled manner.
ạ pŏl'ō ġў, excuse for fault; defence.
ăp pạ rĭ'tion (shun), a ghostly appearance; a spectre.
ăp prē hĕn'sĭve, feeling alarm; fearful.
ạp prĕn'tĭçe, a learner; a novice; one who is bound to serve for a specific time.
Ạ rā'bĭ ạn, pertaining to Arabia.
Ar'ạ bĭc, belonging to Arabia.
ăr'rō gạnt, haughty; proud; overbearing.
ạs çĕnt', act of climbing.
ăs çēr tāin', make certain; find out by trial.
ăs'pĕct, view; look.
ạs sĕm'ble, meet; come together.
ạs sĕnt', agree; approve; consent.
ạ stŏn'ĭsh mẹnt, surprise; amazement.
ăv ạ rĭ cious (rĭsh'us), greedy.

băl'mў, soft; soothing; refreshing.
Băl sō'rạ, a city.
băl ŭs trāde', an ornamental railing.
băt tăl'ion (yun), an army in battle array.
băt'tle mẹnt, a high wall for defence.
Bâu'çĭs, a woman's name.
bē cālm', make quiet; deprive of wind.
bẹ nĕf'ĭ çẹnt lў, in a generous manner; liberally.

bę nīgn′, gracious; kind; genial.
bę sēech′, entreat; implore; beg.
bę wĭl′dēr mẹnt, a state of being confused.
bē wĭtch′, charm; fascinate.
bǫ le rō (lā′), a Spanish dance.
brăn′dĭsh, flourish about; shake; wave.
brī′dle, a part of a horse's harness.
būr′gǭ más tēr, chief magistrate.

căl′ą băsh, a tree bearing a gourd-like fruit from which cups, basins, etc., are made.
căl′drọn, large kettle or boiler.
cā′lĭph, the title of a monarch in the East.
caout chouc (kö′chůk), a tree from which an elastic, gummy substance is obtained.
cą păr′ĭ sọned, adorned; decked.
căp tĭv′ą̇ tў, confinement; imprisonment.
căr′gō, lading of a ship; merchandise; goods.
căr′nĭ vąl, a revelry; a feast.
căs cāde′, waterfall.
çĕn′tū rў, one hundred years; one hundred.
çhāiṣe, a carriage.
chasm (kăzm), gulf; cleft; yawning hollow.
çīr′cuĭt, out of the direct road.
çīr cŭm′fer ẹnçe, line that bounds a circle.
clăm′bēr, climb with difficulty.
clōse, an enclosed place.
cọl lăpse′, break down; ruin.
cŏm′bą tạnt, one who fights.
cọm mis sion (mish′un), charge; order; mandate.
cọm mō′tion (shun), disturbance; agitation.
cọm mū′nĭ tў, village; township.
cŏm′păct, an agreement.
cọm păr′ĭ sọn, similitude; act of comparing.
cọm pĕt′ĭ tọr, one who competes with another.
cọm plēte′lў, entirely; perfectly wholly.
cọm pōṣed′, tranquil; calm.
cọm pŭl′sion (shun), overruling force; constraint.
cọn çēal′, hide; secrete.
cọn clū′sion (zhun), end; close; termination.
cŏn′fĭ dẹnt, assured.
cọn fīrm′, make certain; certify; ratify.
cọn fūṣe′, bewilder; embarrass; perplex.
cọn grăt ū lā′tion (shun), compliment.
cọn sĕr′vā tǭ rў, greenhouse.
cọn sū′mĕr, one who uses, destroys, or spends.
cọn tĕm′plāte, view; consider; regard.
cŏn′tra băn dĭs′tą̇, a smuggler.
cŏn vēr sā′tion (shun), familiar talk.
cọn vey (vā′), carry; bear; transport.
cŏn′voy, escort for protection.
cŏp′pĕr hĕad, a venomous serpent.
cŏr′pǭ rąl, the lowest non-commissioned officer.
coun′tę nąnçe, features; face; visage.
crĕd′ĭ tą blў, without disgrace; honorably.
cru çĭ ble (crö′), a melting-pot.
cū ré (rā′), a French priest.

dāin'tў, delicacy.
daunt (dänt), subdue; check; fright.
dē cō'rŭm, propriety; formal politeness.
deign (dān), vouchsafe; condescend.
dę mēan'ọr, conduct; management; treatment.
dę pĭct', portray; paint; describe.
dĕs'ọ̄ lāte, lonely; forsaken; solitary.
dĕs'pĕr āte, without hope; rash; reckless.
dĕs tĭ nā'tion (shun), end of journey; goal.
dĕs'tĭne, ordain; doom; devote.
dē tĕr'mĭne, fix; establish; resolve.
dĕx tĕr'ĭ tў, skill; tact; ability.
dĭ lĕm'mą̈, predicament.
dĭl'ĭ ġĕnt lў, industriously; carefully.
dĭ mĭn'ĭsh, lessen; detract; lower.
dĭ mĭn'ụ̄ tĭve, small; little; contracted.
dĭs cŏn'sọ̄ lą̈te lў, without hope; sadly.
dĭs cọn tĕn'tĕd, dissatisfied; unhappy.
dĭs dāin', despise; spurn; reject.
dĭs ĕn gāġe', set free; release; liberate.
dĭs māy', trouble; fright; discouragement.
dĭs ôr'dēr lў, confused; lawless; unrestrained.
dĭs'tăff, a stick on which is wound wool, cotton, or flax to be spun.
dĭs tĭnc'tion (shun), eminence in rank; superiority.
dĭs tĭn'guĭsh ą̈ ble, discernible; perceptible.
dĭs trăc'tion (shun), despair; extreme annoyance.
dọ̄ mĕs'tĭc, relating or belonging to the household.
dŏm'ĭ nō, a half mask; also, a loose garment.
doubt'fŭl lў, in an uncertain manner; vaguely.
dráught, act of drinking; a quantity of liquid drunk at one time.
dŭn'ġeon, a close cell; a dark place of confinement.
dū'rą̈nçe, imprisonment.

ĕc'stą sў, rapture; delight; joy.
ĕd'ĭ fĭçe, a building; a structure.
ĕf fĕc'tụ̄ ą̈l, successful; thorough; complete.
ĕm phăt'ĭc, earnest; energetic; forcible.
ĕn chánt', bewitch; charm.
ĕn cŏm'pąss, surround; enclose.
ĕn coŭr'ą̄ġe, give hope; promote; help forward.
ē nôr'moŭs, huge; monstrous; immense.
ĕn rĭch', make rich.
ĕn'tẽr prĭse, an undertaking; a venture.
ĕn trēat', beg; beseech; solicit.
ę̄ quĕs'trĭ ą̈n, pertaining to horses or horsemanship.
ĕs plą̄ nāde', terrace.
ē văp'ọ̄ rāte, pass off in vapor.
ĕv'ĭ dę̈nt lў, clearly; plainly; obviously.
ĕv ọ̄ lū'tion (shun), a turning or shifting movement; development.
ĕx çēēd'ĭng lў, extremely; greatly.
ĕx çĕs'sĭve, extreme; superfluous; unreasonable.
ĕx'ē cūte, perform; accomplish.

ĕx pē′rĭ ĕnçe, knowledge previously acquired.

ĕx′quĭ ṣĭte, elegant; exceedingly choice; fine.

ĕx tĕn′sion (shun), an enlargement; expansion.

ĕx traor dĭ nā rў (trôr′), very unusual; strange.

ĕx trĕm′ĭ tў, the utmost end.

ĕx′trĭ cāte, disentangle; free.

făc′ŭl ties, powers; senses.

fa mĭl′iar (yăr), intimate; friendly; well known.

făn tăs′tĭc, imaginary; grotesque; quaint.

fā tigue (tēg′), weariness.

fā′vor ite, especially liked.

flu ent (flö′), ready in the use of words.

fōre tōld′, predicted; prophesied.

fôr tĭ fĭ cā′tion (shun), fort; castle; fortified place.

fôr′tĭ tūde, courage; endurance; resolution.

fôr′trĕss, stronghold; fort; place of defence.

frăg′mĕnt, a portion broken off; bit; remnant.

freight (frāt), to load with goods.

frĕn′zў, rage; fury; madness.

frē′quĕnt lў, often; many times; at short intervals.

fru gal (frö′), thrifty; economical; sparing.

frŭs′trāte, thwart; defeat.

fū′gĭ tive, deserter; runaway.

fŭnc′tion (shun), office; duty; work.

ġĕn′ĕr ăl lў, usually; ordinarily; chiefly.

ġĕn ĕr ŏs′ĭ tў, liberality; bounty.

glā′cier (shiĕr), a river of ice.

glĭmpse, hurried view; glance.

gnash (năsh), snap or grate the teeth.

grā′cious lў (shŭs), kindly; beneficently.

Grā nä′dą, a former kingdom of Spain.

grăt′ĭ tūde, thankfulness; gratefulness.

grăv′ĭ tў, solemnity; dignity; seriousness.

grĭēv′ançe, a sort of annoyance.

Guâd a rä′mą, mountains in Spain.

ġўm năs′tĭc, pertaining to athletic exercises.

hăb ĭ tā′tion (shun), dwelling; place of abode.

hăg′gărd, gaunt; careworn.

Hä röun′ ăl Ras chid (răsh′ĭd), a caliph of Bagdad.

hĕath′ĕr, a plant.

hĕl′mĕt, a defensive cover for the head.

herb age (ĕr′bą̆ġ), vegetation.

hŏs′pĭ tā ble, affording generous entertainment.

hŏs pĭ tăl′ĭ tў, act of being hospitable.

hŏs′tlĕr, one who has the care of horses.

hў ē′nă, a carnivorous animal.

ĭg′nō rant, untaught; showing want of knowledge.

ĭm′mĭ nĕnt, threatening; impending.

ĭm mūre′, confine; enclose within walls.

ĭm pā′tient lў (shent), restlessly; impetuously.

ĭm pē′rĭ ạl, pertaining to an empire; sovereign.
ĭm pĕt ū ŏs′ĭ tў, act of being rash; vehement.
ĭm pĕt′ū ŭs, acting suddenly; vehemently.
ĭm pŏr tūne′, crave; beg; request; urge.
ĭm pru′dẹnt (prö), not careful; rash; heedless.
ĭn′çĭ dẹnt, occurrence; circumstance.
ĭn ci sion (sizh′ọn), a cut; a gash.
ĭn clĭned′, disposed.
ĭn crŭst′, to cover; decorate.
ĭn dĭs crēēt′, imprudent; unwise.
ĭn dĭs′pū tạ ble, undoubtedly true; certain; positive.
ĭn dŏm′ĭ tạ ble, untamable; unconquerable.
ĭn ĕx hâus′tĭ ble, unfailing.
ĭn hĕr′ĭ tạnçe, heritage; patrimony.
ĭn nū′mẹr ạ ble, countless; numberless; myriad.
ĭn quire′, ask about; question; seek.
ĭn spīre′, animate; rouse.
ĭn′stạnt lў, immediately; without delay.
ĭn′stru mẹnt (strö), a tool.
ĭn tẽr rŭpt′, disturb; break in upon.
ĭn tŏl′ẽr ạ ble, not to be endured; unbearable.
ĭn trẹ̆ pĭd′ĭ tў, undaunted courage.
ĭn trọ̄ dūçe′, conduct; bring to notice.
ĭn ūre′, accustom; harden; adapt.

jẽr′kĭn, a leather jacket.

knead (nēd), mix thoroughly.

lăm ĕn tā′tion (shun), bewailing; mournful outcry.

league (lēg), band; union.
leis ūre lў (lē′zhūr), deliberately; not hastily.
lĭn′ẹ̆ ạ mẹnt, feature.
live′lĭ hŏŏd, support of life; means of living.

măg nĭf′ĭ çẹnt, superb; splendid; gorgeous.
mạ jĕs′tĭc, stately; grand; sublime.
mạ lĭ cious (lĭsh′ŭs), ill-disposed; spiteful; resentful.
mạ noeu vre (nö′vẽr), trick; stratagem.
mär′vel loŭs, extraordinary; wonderful.
mā′trọn, a married woman; a housekeeper.
mēa′gre (gẽr), scanty; spare; thin.
mẹ̆ ăn′dẽr, to wind; turn.
mĕ năġ′ẽr ĭe, a collection of wild animals.
mẽr′chạn dĭse, goods; wares; commodities.
mē trŏp′ō lĭs, chief city.
mĭēn, look; appearance; countenance.
mĭr′ā cle, a wonderful thing.
mĭ răc′ū loŭs, exceedingly surprising or wonderful.
mĭs′ẽr ạ ble, unhappy; wretched.
mĭt′ĭ gāte, to make more tolerable; soften; mollify; relieve.
mŏck′ẽr ў, derision; jest; ridicule.
mŏl′lĭ fў, soften; appease; soothe; calm.
mọ̄ nŏt′ọ̄ noŭs, unvarying; uniform; tiresome.
mon sieur (mẹ syẹ′), a French word for "mister."
Mō rĭs′cō, a person of the Moorish race; a Moor.

môr′sẹl, a small piece; a mouthful; a bite.
moun tāin ēēr′, a climber of mountains.
mōurn′fụl lў, sorrowfully; dolefully.
mū sĭ cian (zĭsh′ạn), one who makes music a profession.
mўr′ĭ ạd, numberless; innumerable.
mўs tē′rĭ oŭs, obscure; mystic; incomprehensible.

năr′rā ṭĭve, tale; story.
nĭche, corner; nook.
nĭm′ble, swift; lively; spry.
nŏc tŭr′nạl, nightly; in the night.
nŏt wĭth stănd′ĭng, in spite of.

ō bē′dĭ ẹnçe, submission; act of obeying.
ọb tāin′ acquire; gain; secure.
ọc cā′sion ạl lў (zhun), sometimes; at times.
ŏc′cū pạnt, inhabitant; tenant.
ọf fĕnd′, displease; annoy; molest.
ō vēr whelm′ (hwĕlm′), overpower; crush; overcome.

păl′ā tạ ble, savory; agreeable to the taste.
pär tĭc′ū lär lў, especially.
pā′trọn, protector; guardian.
pā′trọn īze, favor; assume a condescending air toward one.
pĕn′ẹ trāte, pierce; permeate.
pēr çēive′, become aware of; observe; notice.
pēr′fūme, odor; scent.
pēr plĕx′ĭ tў, bewilderment; embarrassment.
pēr sĭst′, continue steadily; persevere.
Phĭ lē′mŏn, a man's name.

plŋ′ion (yŭn), bind; shackle; confine.
plŋ′nā cle, sharp point or peak.
plt′ē oŭs lў, sadly; mournfully; pleadingly.
plt′ĭ ạ ble, deserving pity.
plu mā̤ge (plö′), feathery covering of birds.
pŏl′ў pō dў, a kind of fern.
pŏp′ū lāte, furnish with inhabitants; people.
pŏr′rĭn ġēr, bowl.
pōr′tạl, door; gate.
pōr′tēr, a carrier; a bearer; a gatekeeper.
pō′tẹ̆nt, powerful.
pō′tẹ̆n tāte, sovereign; monarch; ruler.
prĕç′ĭ pĭçe, steep bank or cliff.
prē dē çĕs′sọr, one who goes before.
prẹ̄ lĭm′ĭ nā rў, preparatory; introductory.
prẹ̄ sĕn′tĭ mẹnt, foreboding.
prĭs̤ măt′ĭc, having form of a prism; showing colors of the spectrum.
prĭs̤′on er (nĕr), one who is confined in a prison; one under arrest.
prŏb ạ bĭl′ĭ tў, likelihood.
prọ̄ clāim′, publish; announce.
prŏd′ĭ ġў, sign; wonder; miracle; marvel.
prō dĭġ′ioŭs, wonderful; monstrous; huge.
prō pĕn′sĭ tў, inclination; tendency.
prŏph′ẹ̄ çў, prediction; foretelling.
prŏs pĕr′ĭ tў, good fortune; well-being.
pŭr sūit′, chase; following up, or out.

răb′ble, mob; crowd; noisy assemblage.

răv'ăġe, havoc; waste; ruin.
rẹ'ăl, a Spanish silver coin worth about five cents.
rẹ ẹẽss', a nook; a niche or alcove.
rĕc'ọn ẹile, adjust; pacify; settle.
rẹ cōrd', recall; repeat; note; inscribe.
rẹ cruit (crōt'), restore; refresh.
rẹ doubt'ạ ble, formidable; terrible.
rẹ dūẹe', diminish; degrade; lessen; decrease.
rẹ dŭc'tion (shun), lessening; decrease; contraction.
rĕf ẽr ẹnẹe, act of referring.
rẹ flĕct', turn back; consider; meditate.
rẹ flĕc'tĭve, giving reflection; meditative.
rẹ·lĭēve', remove; alleviate; lessen.
rẹ lŭc'tạnt lў, unwillingly; not readily.
rẹ mŏn'strāte, reprove; rebuke; protest.
rẹ pĕl', drive back; repulse; check.
rẹ plĕn'ĭsh, fill again; complete.
rĕp rẹ ẹent', describe; portray; depict.
rĕp ū tā'tion (shun), fame; renown; name.
rẹ quĕst', beg; ask; beseech.
rĕs'cūe, recapture; free from danger.
rẹ ẹĕnt', to take ill; be indignant.
rĕẹ'ĭ dẹnt, inhabitant; dweller.
rē ẹĭs'tạnẹe, opposition.
rẹ sōurẹe', resort; any source of aid or support.
rẹ spĕc'tĭve, several; particular.
rĕt'ĭ nūe, a body of retainers.
rĕv'ĕl rў, boisterous festivity; merry-making.
rĭ dĭc'ū loŭs, absurd; outrageous; laughable.
rĭv'ū lĕt, a small river; a stream.
Rō cĭ nản'tẹ, the name of Don Quixote's horse.
rō'tạ tọ rў, circular; turning on an axis.
röute, way; road; passage; journey.
rŭf'fĭ ạn, a robber; cut-throat; murderer.

să bot (bō'), a wooden shoe.
sạ găẹ'ĭ tў, intelligence; wisdom; knowledge.
sạ lūte', greet; welcome.
săt ĭs făc'tion (shun), contentment; atonement.
saun tẽr (sän'), loiter; stroll.
scăb'bărd, sheath.
scoun'drĕl, knave; rogue.
Sĕ gō'vĭ ạ, a province of old Spain.
sẽn'ĭọr, elder.
sĕn'tĭ nĕl, a watch; a guard.
sē'quĭn, a coin worth about $2.18.
Sĕ rĕn'dĭb, an ancient name of Ceylon.
sẽr'pẹn tĭne, coiling; snake-like; writhing.
shĭl'lĭng, an English silver coin worth about twenty-four cents.
sĭm'ĭ lạr, alike; akin; resembling one another.
slăck'ẹn, loosen; relax.
sō cĭ ạ bĭl'ĭ tў (shĭ), disposition to be friendly.
sō'cĭ ạ blў (shĭ), familiarly.
sŏl'ĭ tā rў, retired; secluded; lonely.
spăs mŏd'ĭc, by fits and starts.
spẽc ta'tọr, observer; witness; looker-on.
Străs'bŏurg, the capital of Alsace-Lorraine.

stĭr'rŭp, the part of a horse's harness which supports the rider's foot.

sŭb tẽr rā'nẹ̣ a̤n, underground.

sŭf fĭ'cient (sh̤ent), enough; abundant.

sŭmp'ṭū oŭs, rich; gorgeous; costly; expensive.

sŭn'drĭes, various small articles.

sū pẽr'flu oŭs (flō) needless; excessive.

sŭr vey (va'), overlook; inspect; examine.

sŭr vey o̤r (vā'), one who determines the boundaries of land.

tĕl'ĕ scōpe, an optical instrument by which distant objects are made to appear nearer.

tē mĕr'ĭ tў, recklessness; daring.

tĕs'tĭ mō nў, bearing witness.

tọ̄ lē'dō, a sword blade made in Toledo.

trạ̄ dĭ'tion (shun), a belief or report handed down from age to age.

trăf'fĭc, trade; commerce.

trăn'quĭl, calm; quiet; undisturbed; serene.

tråns fôrm', change; alter.

tråns pār'e̤nt, easily seen through.

trĭ ŭm'phạnt, victorious; successful.

trŭf'fle, an edible fungus which grows in the earth.

trŭm'pĕt ẽr, one who sounds a trumpet.

tŭrn'pīke, highway; also a toll-gate.

ū nĭ vẽr'sa̤l, general; common.

ŭn păr'a̤l lẽled, unequalled; unmatched.

văg'a̤ bŏnd, one who is without a settled home.

văl'o̤r oŭs, brave; courageous; valiant.

văn'quĭsh, subdue; defeat; overpower.

vàn'tā̤ge, gain; profit.

vē'hẹ̣ me̤nt lў, forcibly; ardently.

vē'hĭ cle, a carriage.

vĕn'ẽr a̤ ble, worthy of reverence; aged.

vĕn'ṭūre, risk; undertake; hazard.

vĕs'pẽr, evening.

vĕt'ẽr a̤n, grown old in service.

vĕx ā'tion (shun), anger; indignation.

vĭc'tō rў, triumph; success.

vĭg'o̤r oŭs, sound; sturdy; hearty; thrifty.

vī'ọ̄ le̤nt, furious; rough; fierce.

vīr'ṭū oŭs, brave; valorous; pure; modest.

vĭs'ā̤ge, appearance; face; countenance.

wâr'rĭor (yẽr), soldier; one engaged in warfare.

wrăng'lĭng, quarrelling; disputing.

yŏn'dẽr, at a distance.

zē'nĭth, the point in the heavens directly above one's head.

PART II

ADVANCED SELECTIONS

BENJAMIN WEST

entitle	variegated	prophesied
ascertain	tomahawk	phenomenon
marvellous	eminence	dexterously
numerous	apparition	transformation

In the year 1738 there came into the world, in the town of Springfield, Pennsylvania, a Quaker infant, from whom his parents and neighbors looked for wonderful things. A famous preacher of the Society of Friends had prophesied about little Ben, and foretold that he would be one of the most remarkable characters that had appeared on the earth since the days of William Penn.

On this account the eyes of many people were fixed upon the boy. Some of his ancestors had won great renown in the old wars of England and France; but it was probably expected that Ben would become a preacher, and would convert multitudes to the peaceful doctrines of the Quakers. Friend West and his wife were thought to be very fortunate in having such a son.

Little Ben lived to the ripe age of six years without doing anything that was worthy to be told in history. But one summer afternoon, in his seventh year, his mother put a fan into his hand and bade him keep the flies away from the face of a baby who lay fast asleep in the cradle. She then left the room.

The boy waved the fan to and fro, and drove away the buzzing flies whenever they had the impertinence to come near the baby's face. When they had all flown out of the window or into distant parts of the room, he bent over the cradle and delighted himself with gazing at the face of the sleeping infant.

It was, indeed, a very pretty sight. The little personage in the cradle slumbered peacefully, with its waxen hands under its chin, looking as full of blissful quiet as if angels were singing lullabies in its ear. Indeed, it must have been dreaming about heaven; for while Ben stooped over the cradle, the little baby smiled.

"How beautiful she looks!" said Ben to himself. "What a pity it is that such a pretty smile should not last forever!"

Now Ben, at this period of his life, had never heard of that wonderful art by which a look, that appears and vanishes in a moment, may be made to last for hundreds of years. But, though nobody had told him of such an art, he may be said to have invented it for himself. On a table near at hand there were pens and paper, and ink

of two colors, black and red. The boy seized a pen and sheet of paper, and, kneeling beside the cradle, began to draw a likeness of the infant. While he was busied in this manner he heard his mother's step approaching, and hastily tried to conceal the paper.

"Benjamin, my son, what hast thou been doing?" inquired his mother, observing marks of confusion in his face.

At first Ben was unwilling to tell; for he felt as if there might be something wrong in stealing the baby's face and putting it upon a sheet of paper. However, as his mother insisted, he finally put the sketch into her hand, and then hung his head, expecting to be well scolded. But when the good lady saw what was on the paper, in lines of red and black ink, she uttered a scream of surprise and joy.

"Bless me!" cried she. "It is a picture of little Sally!"

And then she threw her arms around our friend Benjamin, and kissed him so tenderly that he never afterwards was afraid to show his performances to his mother.

As Ben grew older, he was observed to take vast delight in looking at the hues and forms of nature. For instance, he was greatly pleased with the blue violets of spring, the wild roses of summer, and the scarlet cardinal-flowers of early autumn.

In the decline of the year, when the woods were variegated with all the colors of the rainbow, Ben seemed to

desire nothing better than to gaze at them from morn till night. The purple and golden clouds of sunset were a joy to him. And he was continually endeavoring to draw the figures of trees, men, mountains, houses, cattle, geese, ducks, and turkeys, with a piece of chalk, on barn doors or on the floor.

In these old times the Mohawk Indians were still numerous in Pennsylvania. Every year a party of them used to pay a visit to Springfield, because the wigwams of their ancestors had formerly stood there. These wild men grew fond of little Ben, and made him very happy by giving him some of the red and yellow paint with which they were accustomed to adorn their faces.

His mother, too, presented him with a piece of indigo. Thus he had now three colors, — red, blue, and yellow, — and could manufacture green by mixing the yellow with the blue. Our friend Ben was overjoyed, and doubtless showed his gratitude to the Indians by taking their likenesses in the strange dresses which they wore, with feathers, tomahawks, and bows and arrows.

But all this time the young artist had no paint-brushes; nor were there any to be bought, unless he had sent to Philadelphia on purpose. However, he was a very ingenious boy, and resolved to manufacture paint-brushes for himself. With this design he laid hold upon — what do you think? Why, upon a respectable old black cat, who was sleeping quietly by the fireside.

"Puss," said little Ben to the cat, "pray give me some of the fur from the tip of thy tail."

Though he addressed the black cat so civilly, yet Ben was determined to have the fur whether she were willing or not. Puss, who had no great zeal for the fine arts, would have resisted if she could; but the boy was armed with his mother's scissors, and very dexterously clipped off fur enough to make a paint-brush. This was so much use to him that he applied to Madam Puss again and again, until her warm coat of fur had become so ragged that she could hardly keep comfortable through the winter. Poor thing! she was forced to creep close into the chimney corner, and eyed Ben with a very rueful face. But Ben considered it more necessary that he should have paint-brushes than that Puss should be warm.

About this period Friend West received a visit from Mr. Pennington, a merchant of Philadelphia, who was likewise a member of the Society of Friends. The visitor, on entering the parlor, was surprised to see it ornamented with drawings of Indian chiefs, and of birds with beautiful plumage, and of the wild flowers of the forest. Nothing of the kind was ever seen before in the habitation of a Quaker farmer.

"Why, Friend West," exclaimed the Philadelphia merchant, "what has possessed thee to cover thy walls with all these pictures? Where on earth didst thou get them?"

Then Friend West explained that all these pictures were painted by little Ben, with no better materials than red and yellow ochre and a piece of indigo, and with brushes made of the black cat's fur.

"Verily," said Mr. Pennington, "the boy hath a wonderful faculty. Some of our friends might look upon these matters as vanity; but little Benjamin appears to have been born a painter, and Providence is wiser than we are."

The good merchant patted Benjamin on the head, and evidently considered him a wonderful boy. When his parents saw how much their son's performances were admired, they, no doubt, remembered the prophecy of the old Quaker preacher respecting Ben's future eminence. Yet they could not understand how he was ever to become a very great and useful man merely by making pictures.

One evening, shortly after Mr. Pennington's return to Philadelphia, a package arrived at Springfield, directed to our little friend Ben.

"What can it possibly be?" thought Ben, when it was put into his hands. "Who can have sent me such a great square package?"

On taking off the thick brown paper which enveloped it, behold! there was a paint-box, with a great many cakes of paint, and brushes of various sizes. It was the gift of good Mr. Pennington. There were likewise several squares of canvas such as artists use for painting

pictures upon, and, in addition to all these treasures, some beautiful engravings of landscapes. These were the first pictures that Ben had ever seen except those of his own drawing.

What a joyful evening was this for the little artist! At bedtime he put the paint-box under his pillow, and got hardly a wink of sleep; for, all night long, his fancy was painting pictures in the darkness. In the morning he hurried to the garret, and was seen no more till the dinner hour; nor did he give himself time to eat more than a mouthful or two of food before he hurried back to the garret again. The next day, and the next, he was just as busy as ever; until at last his mother thought it time to ascertain what he was about. She accordingly followed him to the garret.

On opening the door, the first object that presented itself to her eyes was our friend Benjamin, giving the last touches to a beautiful picture. He had copied portions of two of the engravings, and made one picture out of both, with such admirable skill that it was far more beautiful than the originals. The grass, the trees, the water, the sky, and the houses were all painted in their proper colors. There, too, were the sunshine and the shadow, looking as natural as life.

"My dear child, thou hast done wonders!" cried his mother.

The good lady was in an ecstasy of delight. And

well might she be proud of her boy; for there were touches in this picture which old artists, who had spent a lifetime in the business, need not have been ashamed of. Many a year afterwards this wonderful production was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London.

When Benjamin was quite a large lad he was sent to school at Philadelphia. Not long after his arrival he had a slight attack of fever, which confined him to his bed. The light, which would otherwise have disturbed him, was excluded from his chamber by means of closed wooden shutters. At first it appeared so totally dark that Ben could not distinguish any objects in the room. By degrees, however, his eyes became accustomed to the scanty light.

He was lying on his back, looking up towards the ceiling, when suddenly he beheld the dim apparition of a white cow moving slowly over his head! Ben started, and rubbed his eyes in the greatest amazement at this strange sight.

"What can this mean?" thought he.

The white cow disappeared; and next came several pigs, which trotted along the ceiling and vanished into the darkness of the chamber. So lifelike did these grunters look that Ben almost seemed to hear them squeak.

"Well, this is very strange!" said Ben to himself.

When the people of the house came to see him, Ben-

jamin told them of the marvellous circumstance which had occurred, but they would not believe him.

"Benjamin, thou art surely out of thy senses!" cried they. "How is it possible that a white cow and a litter of pigs should be visible on the ceiling of a dark chamber?"

Ben, however, had great confidence in his own eyesight, and was determined to search the mystery to the bottom. For this purpose, when he was again left alone, he got out of bed and examined the window shutters. He soon perceived a small chink in one of them, through which a ray of light found its passage and rested upon the ceiling.

Now, the science of optics will inform us that the pictures of the white cow and the pigs, and of other objects out of doors, came into the dark chamber through this narrow chink, and were painted over Benjamin's head. It is greatly to his credit that he discovered the scientific principle of this phenomenon, and, by means of it, constructed a camera obscura, or magic lantern, out of a hollow box. This was of great advantage to him in drawing landscapes.

Well, time went on, and Benjamin continued to draw and paint pictures until he had now reached the age when it was proper that he should choose a business for life. His father and mother were in considerable perplexity about him. According to the ideas of the Qua-

kers, it is not right for people to spend their lives in occupations that are no real and sensible advantage to the world. Now, what advantage could the world expect from Benjamin's pictures? This was a difficult question; and, in order to set their minds at rest, his parents determined to consult the preachers and wise men of their society. Accordingly, they all assembled in the meeting-house and discussed the matter from beginning to end.

Finally they came to a very wise decision. It seemed so evident that Providence had created Benjamin to be a painter, and had given him abilities which would be thrown away in any other business, that the Quakers resolved not to oppose his inclination. They even acknowledged that the sight of a beautiful picture might convey instruction to the mind, and might benefit the heart as much as a good book or a wise discourse.

They therefore committed the youth to the direction of God, being well assured that He best knew what was his proper sphere of usefulness. The old men laid their hands upon Benjamin's head and gave him their blessing, and the women kissed him affectionately. All consented that he should go forth into the world and learn to be a painter by studying the best pictures of ancient and modern times.

So our friend Benjamin left the dwelling of his parents, and his native woods and streams, and the good

Quakers of Springfield, and the Indians who had given him his first colors; he left all the places and persons whom he had hitherto known, and returned to them no more.

He went first to Philadelphia, and afterwards to Europe. Here he was noticed by many great people, but he retained all the sobriety and simplicity which he had learned among the Quakers. It is related of him, that, when he was presented at the court of the Prince of Parma, he kept his hat upon his head even while kissing the Prince's hand.

When he was twenty-five years old he went to London, and established himself there as an artist. In due course of time he acquired great fame by his pictures, and was made chief painter to King George Third, and president of the Royal Academy of Arts.

When the Quakers of Pennsylvania heard of his success, they felt that the prophecy of the old preacher as to little Ben's future eminence was now accomplished. It is true, they shook their heads at his pictures of battle and bloodshed, such as the Death of Wolfe, thinking that these terrible scenes should not be held up to the admiration of the world.

But they approved of the great paintings in which he represented the miracles and sufferings of the Redeemer of mankind. King George employed him to adorn a large and beautiful chapel at Windsor Castle with pic-

tures of these sacred subjects. He likewise painted a magnificent picture of Christ Healing the Sick, which he gave to the hospital at Philadelphia. It was exhibited to the public, and produced so much profit that the hospital was enlarged so as to accommodate thirty more patients. If Benjamin West had done no other good deed than this, yet it would have been enough to entitle him to an honorable remembrance forever. At this very day there are thirty poor people in the hospital who owe all their comforts to that same picture.

We shall mention only a single incident more. The picture of Christ Healing the Sick was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, where it covered a vast space, and displayed a multitude of figures as large as life. On the wall, close beside this admirable picture, hung a small and faded landscape. It was the same that little Ben had painted in his father's garret, after receiving the paint-box and engravings from good Mr. Pennington.

He lived many years in peace and honor, and died in 1820, at the age of eighty-two. The story of his life is almost as wonderful as a fairy tale; for there are few stranger transformations than that of a little unknown Quaker boy in the wilds of America into the most distinguished painter of his day.

— NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE HUSKERS

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain
Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with grass again:
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow-flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun rose broad and red,
At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he sped;
Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened and subdued,
On the cornfields and the orchard and softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night,
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light;
Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified the hill;
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter, greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky,
Flecked by many tinted leaves, and laughed, they knew not why;

And school-girls gay with aster flowers, beside the meadow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn looked westerly the patient weather-cocks;
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless as rocks.
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's dropping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble-fields lay dry,
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale green waves of rye;
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that, dry and sere,
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow ear;

Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold,
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters; and many a creaking wain
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk and grain;
Till broad and red as when he rose, the sun sank down, at last,
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness passed.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow, stream, and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire beyond,
Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one!

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed away,
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil shadows lay,
From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet without name,
Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks in the mow,
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene below;
The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before,
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart,
Talking their old times over, the old men sat apart;
While, up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade,
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young and fair,
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of soft brown hair,
The master of the village school, sleek of hair and smooth of tongue,
To the quaint tune of some old psalm a husking-ballad sung.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON

apprentice	conjecture	miniature
profession	gravitation	Woolsthorpe
architect	reverential	mechanical
nobility	philosophy	magnificently

On Christmas day, in the year 1642, Isaac Newton was born at the small village of Woolsthorpe, in England. Little did his mother think that he was destined to explain many matters which had been a mystery ever since the creation of the world. Isaac went to live with his grandmother when he was still a little boy, and she was very kind to him and sent him to school.

In his early years he did not appear to be a very bright scholar, but was chiefly remarkable for his ingenuity in all mechanical occupations. He had a set of little tools and saws of various sizes manufactured by himself. With the aid of these Isaac contrived to make many curious articles, at which he worked with so much skill that he seemed to have been born with a saw or chisel in hand.

The neighbors looked with vast admiration at the things which Isaac manufactured, and his old grandmother, I suppose, was never weary of talking about him.

"He'll make a capital workman, one of these days," she would probably say. "No fear but what Isaac will do well in the world and be a rich man before he dies."

It is amusing to conjecture what were the anticipations of his grandmother and the neighbors about Isaac's future life and work. Some of them, perhaps, fancied that he would make beautiful furniture of mahogany, rosewood, or polished oak, inlaid with ivory and ebony, and magnificently gilded. And then, doubtless, all the rich people would purchase these fine things to adorn their drawing-rooms.

Others probably thought that little Isaac was destined to be an architect, and would build splendid mansions for the nobility and gentry, and churches, too, with the tallest steeples that had ever been seen in England.

Some of his friends, no doubt, advised Isaac's grandmother to apprentice him to a clock-maker; for, besides his mechanical skill, the boy seemed to have a taste for mathematics, which would be very useful to him in that profession. And then, in due time, Isaac would set up for himself, and would manufacture curious clocks, like those that contain sets of dancing figures, which issue from the dial plate when the hour is struck; or like those where a ship sails across the face of the clock, and is seen tossing up and down on the waves as often as the pendulum vibrates.

Indeed, there was some ground for supposing that Isaac would devote himself to the manufacture of clocks; since he had already made one of a kind which nobody had ever heard of before. It was set a-going, not by

wheels and weights like other clocks, but by the dropping of water. This was an object of great wonderment to all the people round about, who came often to see this strange clock; and it must be confessed that there are few boys, or men either, who could contrive to tell what o'clock it is by means of a bowl of water.

Besides the water-clock, Isaac made a sun-dial. Thus his grandmother was never at a loss to know the hour; for the water-clock would tell it in the shade, and the dial in the sunshine. The sun-dial is said to be still in existence at Woolsthorpe, on the corner of the house where Isaac dwelt. If so, it must have marked the passage of every sunny hour that has elapsed since Isaac Newton was a boy. It marked all the famous moments of his life; it marked the hour of his death; and still the sunshine creeps slowly over it, as regularly as when Isaac first set it up.

Yet we must not say that the sun-dial has lasted longer than its maker; for Isaac Newton will exist long after the dial shall have crumbled to decay.

Isaac possessed a wonderful faculty of acquiring knowledge by the simplest means possible. For instance, what method do you suppose he took to find out the strength of the wind? You will never guess how the boy could compel that unseen, inconstant, and ungovernable wonder, the wind, to tell him the measure of its strength. Yet nothing can be more simple. He jumped against the

wind; and by the length of his jump he could calculate the force of a gentle breeze, a brisk gale, or a tempest. Thus, even in his boyish sports, he was continually searching out the secrets of philosophy.

Not far from his grandmother's residence there was a windmill which operated on a new plan. Isaac was in the habit of going thither frequently, and would spend whole hours in examining its various parts. While the mill was at rest he pried into its internal machinery. When its broad sails were set in motion by the wind, he watched the process by which the millstones were made to revolve and crush the grain that was put into the hopper. After gaining a thorough knowledge of its construction he was observed to be unusually busy with his tools.

It was not long before his grandmother and all the neighborhood knew what Isaac had been about. He had constructed a model of the windmill, though not so large, I suppose, as one of the box-traps which boys set to catch squirrels; yet every part of the mill and its machinery was complete.

Its little sails were neatly made of linen, and whirled round very swiftly when the mill was placed in a draft of air. Even a puff of wind from Isaac's mouth or from a pair of bellows was sufficient to set the sails in motion. And, what was most curious, if a handful of grains of wheat were put into the little hopper, they would soon be converted into snow-white flour.

Isaac's playmates were enchanted with his new windmill. They thought nothing so pretty and so wonderful had ever been seen in the whole world.

"But, Isaac," said one of them, "you have forgotten one thing that belongs to a mill."

"What is that?" asked Isaac; for he supposed that, from the roof of the mill to its foundation, he had forgotten nothing.

"Why, where is the miller?" said his friend.

"That is true — I must look out for one," said Isaac; and he set himself to consider how this deficiency should be supplied.

He might easily make the miniature figure of a man; but then it would not have been able to move about and perform the duties of a miller. As Captain Lemuel Gulliver had not yet discovered the island of Lilliput, Isaac did not know that there were little men in the world whose size was just suited to his windmill. It so happened, however, that a mouse had just been caught in the trap; and, as no other miller of a suitable size could be found, Mister Mouse was immediately appointed to that important office. The new miller made a very respectable appearance in his dark gray coat. To be sure, he had not a very good character for honesty, and was suspected of sometimes stealing a portion of the grain which was given him to grind.

As Isaac grew older, it was found that he had far more

important matters in his mind than the manufacture of toys like the windmill. All day long, if left to himself, he was either absorbed in thought or engaged in some book of mathematics or natural philosophy. At night, I think it probable, he looked up with reverential curiosity to the stars, and wondered whether they were worlds like our own, and how great was their distance from the earth, and what was the power that kept them in their courses. Perhaps, even so early in life, Isaac Newton felt a presentiment that he should be able, hereafter, to answer all these questions.

When Isaac was fourteen years old, he spent a year or two in assisting his mother in managing her farm. But his mind was so bent on becoming a scholar that his mother sent him back to school, and afterwards to the University at Cambridge.

I have now finished my anecdotes of Isaac Newton's boyhood. My story would be far too long were I to mention all the splendid discoveries which he made after he came to be a man. He was the first that found out the nature of light; for, before his day, nobody could tell what the sunshine was composed of.

You remember, I suppose, the story of an apple's falling on his head, while he was lying in the grass under an apple-tree, and thus leading him to discover the force of gravitation, which keeps the heavenly bodies in their courses. When he had once got hold of this idea, he

never permitted his mind to rest until he had searched out all the laws by which the planets are guided through the sky. This he did as thoroughly as if he had gone up among the stars and tracked them in their orbits. The boy had found out the mechanism of a windmill; the man explained to his fellow-men the mechanism of the universe.

While making these researches he was accustomed to spend night after night in a lofty tower, gazing at the heavenly bodies through a telescope. His mind was lifted far above the things of this world. He may be said, indeed, to have spent the greater part of his life in worlds that lie thousands and millions of miles away; for where the thoughts and the heart are, there is our true existence.

Did you ever hear the story of Newton and his little dog Diamond? One day, when he was fifty years old, and had been hard at work more than twenty years studying the theory of light, he went out of his chamber, leaving this little dog asleep before the fire. On the table lay a heap of manuscript papers, containing all the discoveries which Newton had made during those twenty years. When his master was gone, up rose little Diamond, jumped upon the table, and overthrew the lighted candle. The papers immediately caught fire.

Just as the destruction was completed Newton opened the chamber door, and perceived that the labors of twenty

years were reduced to a heap of ashes. There stood little Diamond, the author of all the mischief. Almost any other man would have sentenced the dog to immediate death, but Newton patted him on the head with his usual kindness, although grief was at his heart.

"O Diamond, Diamond," exclaimed he, "thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!"

The loss of these valuable papers affected his health and spirits for some time afterwards; but, from his conduct towards the little dog, you may judge what was the sweetness of his temper.

Newton lived to be a very old man, and acquired great renown; he was made a member of Parliament, and received the honor of knighthood from the king. But he cared little for earthly fame and honors, and felt no pride in the vastness of his knowledge. All that he had learned made him feel how little he knew in comparison to what remained to be known.

"I seem to myself like a child," observed he, "playing on the seashore, and picking up here and there a curious shell or a pretty pebble, while the boundless ocean of Truth lies undiscovered before me."

— NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE JOURNAL OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

oakum	credible	diversion
interval	desisted	semicircle
mechanic	deficient	commodiously
gudgeon	occupancy	fortification

September 30, 1659, I, poor, miserable Robinson Crusoe, being shipwrecked during a dreadful storm in the offing, came on shore on this dismal, unfortunate island, which I called the Island of Despair, all the rest of the ship's company being drowned, and myself almost dead.

I had neither food, house, clothes, weapon, nor place to fly to, and, in despair of any relief, saw nothing but death before me, either that I should be devoured by wild beasts, murdered by savages, or starved to death for want of food. At the approach of night I slept in a tree, for fear of wild creatures, but slept soundly, though it rained all night.

October 1. In the morning I saw, to my great surprise, the ship had floated with the high tide, and was driven on shore much nearer the island. This was some comfort; for, seeing her sit upright, and not broken to pieces, I hoped, if the wind abated, I might go on board, and get some food or necessaries out of her for my relief. On the other hand, it renewed my grief at the loss of my comrades, who, I imagined, if we had all stayed on board,

might have saved the ship, or at least that they would not have been drowned, as they were, and that, had the men been saved, we might, perhaps, have built us a boat out of the ruins of the ship, to carry us to some other part of the world. I spent a great part of this day in perplexing myself about these things; but, at length seeing the ship almost dry, I walked upon the sand as near as possible, and then swam on board. This day, also, it continued raining, though with no wind at all.

From the first of October to the 24th. All these days were spent in making several voyages to get all I could out of the ship, which I brought on shore, at every flood tide, upon rafts. Much rain in these days, though with some intervals of fair weather. It seems this was the rainy season.

October 20. I overset my raft, and all the goods I had upon it; but, being in shoal water, and the things being chiefly heavy, I recovered many of them when the tide was out.

October 25. It rained all night and all day, with some gusts of wind, during which time the ship broke in pieces, and was no more to be seen, except the wreck of her, and that only at low water. I spent the day in covering and securing the goods which I had saved, that the rain might not spoil them.

October 26. I walked about the shore almost all day, to find a place to fix my habitation, greatly concerned to

secure myself from any attack in the night, either from wild beasts or men. Toward night I fixed upon a proper place under a rock, and marked out a semicircle for my encampment, which I resolved to strengthen with a wall, or fortification made of double piles, lined within with cables and without with turf.

From the 26th to the 30th, I worked very hard in carrying all my goods to my new fortification, though some part of the time it rained exceeding hard.

November 1st. I set up my tent under a rock, making it as large as I could with stakes driven in to swing my hammock upon and lay there for the first night.

November 2. I set up all my chests and boards, and the pieces of timber which made my rafts, and with them formed a fence round me, a little within the place I had marked out for my fortification.

November 4. This morning I began to order my time of work, time of going out with my gun, time of sleep, and time of diversion. Every morning I walked out with my gun for two or three hours, if it did not rain; then employed myself to work till about eleven o'clock; then ate what I had to live on, and from twelve to two I lay down to sleep, the weather being excessively hot; and then, in the evening, to work again. The working part of this day, and of the next, was wholly employed in making my table; for I was yet but a very sorry workman, though time and necessity made me a complete

natural mechanic soon after, as I believe it would do any one else.

November 6. After my morning walk I went to work with my table again, and finished it, though not to my liking; nor was it long before I learned to mend it.

November 7. Now it began to be settled, fair weather. The 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and a part of the 12th (for the 11th was Sunday), I took wholly up to make me a chair, and with much ado brought it to a tolerable shape, but never to please me; and even in the making I pulled it in pieces several times.

November 13. This day it rained, which refreshed me exceedingly, and cooled the earth; but it was accompanied with terrible thunder and lightning, which frightened me dreadfully for fear of my powder. As soon as it was over, I resolved to separate my stock of powder into as many little parcels as possible, that it might not be in danger.

November 14, 15, 16. These three days I spent in making little square chests or boxes, which might hold about a pound or two pounds at most, of powder; and so, putting the powder in, I stowed it in places as secure and remote from one another as possible. On one of these three days I killed a large bird that was good to eat, but I know not what to call it.

November 17. This day I began to dig behind my tent into the rock, to make room for my further convenience.

NOTE. — Three things I needed for this work; namely, a pick-axe, a shovel, and a wheelbarrow or basket; so I desisted from my work, and began to consider how to supply this need, and make me some tools. As for a pickaxe, I made use of iron crows which were proper enough, though heavy; but the next thing was a shovel or spade. This was so absolutely necessary, that I could do nothing without it; but what kind of one to make I knew not.

November 18. The next day, in searching the woods, I found a tree of that wood, or like it, which in the Brazils they call the iron tree, for its exceeding hardness. I cut a piece of this and brought it home, too, with difficulty, for it was exceeding heavy.

The excessive hardness of the wood made me a long while upon this tool; for I worked it effectually by little and little into the form of a shovel or spade, the handle exactly shaped like ours in England, only that the broad part having no iron upon it at the bottom, it would not last me so long. However, it served well enough for the uses which I had occasion to put it to; but never was a shovel, I believe, made after that fashion, or so long in making.

I was still deficient, for I wanted a basket or a wheelbarrow. A basket I could not make by any means, having no such thing as twigs that would bend to make wicker ware, — at least, not yet discovered; and as to a wheelbarrow, I fancied I could make all but the wheel, but that I had no notion of, neither did I know how to

go about it; besides, I had no possible way to make the iron gudgeons for the spindle or axis of the wheel to run in, so I gave up this idea. For carrying away the earth which I dug out of the cave, I made me a thing like a hod, which the laborers carry mortar in, when they serve the bricklayers.

This was not so difficult to me as the making the shovel; and yet this, and the shovel, and the attempt which I made in vain to make a wheelbarrow, took up no less than four days; I mean always excepting my morning walk with my gun, which I seldom omitted.

November 23. My other work having now stood still because of my making these tools, when they were finished I went on, and working every day as my strength and time allowed, I spent eighteen days entirely in widening and deepening my cave, that it might hold my goods commodiously.

NOTE. — During all this time, I worked to make this room or cave spacious enough to accommodate me as a warehouse or magazine, a kitchen, a dining room, and a cellar; as for my lodging, I kept to the tent, except that sometimes in the wet season of the year it rained so hard that I could not keep myself dry, which caused me afterwards to cover all the place within the pale with long poles in the form of rafters, leaning against the rock, and load them with flags and large leaves of trees like a thatch.

December 10. I began now to think my cave or vault finished; when, on a sudden (it seems I had made

it too large), a great quantity of earth fell down from the top and one side, so much, indeed, that it frightened me. Upon this disaster I had a great deal of work to do over again; for, I had the loose earth to carry out; and, what was of more importance, I had the ceiling to prop up, so that I might be sure no more would come down.

December 20. I carried everything into the cave, which was at last ready for occupancy, and began to finish my house, and set up some pieces of boards, like a dresser, to place my food upon; but boards began to be very scarce with me. I made also another table.

December 24. Much rain all night and all day; no stirring out.

December 25. Rain all day.

December 26. No rain; and the earth much cooler than before, and pleasanter.

December 27. Killed a young goat, and lamed another, so that I caught it, and led it home by a string. When I got it home, I bound and splintered up its leg, which was broken. I took such care of it that it lived, and the leg grew well and as strong as ever; but, by nursing it so long, it grew tame, and fed upon the little green at my door, and would not go away. This was the first time that I entertained a thought of having some tame creatures, that I might have food when my powder and shot was all spent.

December 28, 29, 30. Great heats and no breeze, so

that there was no stirring abroad, except in the evening for food. This time I spent in putting all my things in order within doors.

January 1. Very hot still, but I went abroad early and late with my gun, and lay still in the middle of the day. This evening, going farther into the valleys, which lay towards the centre of the island, I found there plenty of goats, though they were exceeding shy on my approach; however, I resolved to try if I could not bring my dog to hunt them down.

January 2. I went out to-day with my dog, and set him upon the goats; but I was mistaken, for they all faced about upon the dog; and he knew his danger too well, for he would not go near them.

January 3. I began my fence or wall; which, being still fearful of attack by savages, I resolved to make very thick and strong. I was no less time than from the 3d of January to the 14th of April, in building, finishing, and perfecting this wall, though it was no more than about twenty-four yards in length, being a half-circle from one place in the rock to another place about eight yards from it, — the door of the cave being in the centre behind it.

All this time I worked very hard, the rains hindering me many days, nay, sometimes weeks together, but I thought I should never be perfectly secure until this wall was finished; and it is scarcely credible what in-

expressible labor every thing was done with, especially the bringing piles out of the woods, and driving them into the ground, for I made them much bigger than I need to have done.

When this wall was finished, and the outside double fence with a turf-wall raised up close to it, I persuaded myself that if any people were to come on shore they would not perceive anything like a habitation; and it was very well I did so, as may be observed hereafter upon a very remarkable occasion.

During this time I made my rounds in the woods for game every day, when the rain permitted me, and made frequent discoveries in these walks of something or other to my advantage. Particularly I found a kind of wild pigeons, who built, not as wood pigeons, in a tree, but rather like house pigeons, in the holes of the rocks. Taking some young ones, I endeavored to tame them, and did so; but, when they grew older they flew away, which, perhaps, was at first from want of feeding them, for I had nothing to give them. However, I frequently found their nests, and got their young ones, which were very good to eat.

And now, in managing my household affairs, I found myself wanting in many things, which I thought at first it was impossible for me to make, as indeed, as to some of them it was; for instance, I could not make a cask to be hooped. I had a small runlet or two, but I could

never succeed in making one of them, though I spent many weeks about it. I could neither put in the heads, or joint the staves so true to one another as to make them hold water, so I gave that up also.

In the next place, I was at a great loss for candles; so that as soon as ever it was dark, which was generally by seven o'clock, I was obliged to go to bed. The only remedy I had was, that when I killed a goat I saved the tallow, and with a little dish made of clay, which I baked in the sun, to which I added a wick of some oakum, I made a lamp. This gave me light, though not a clear, steady light like a candle.

In the middle of all my labors, it happened that, rummaging among my things, I found a little bag, which, as I hinted before, had been filled with grain for the feeding of poultry. What little remainder of grain had been in the bag was all devoured by the rats, and I saw nothing in the bag but husks and dust. Being willing to have the bag for some other use (I think it was to put powder in, when I divided it for fear of lightning, or some such use), I shook the husks out of it on one side of my fortifications under the rock.

It was a little before the great rains just now mentioned, that I threw this stuff away, taking no notice of anything, and not so much as remembering that I had thrown anything there. About a month after, I saw a few stalks of something green shooting out of the

ground, which I fancied might be some plant I had not seen; but I was surprised and perfectly astonished, when, after a little longer time, I saw about ten or twelve ears come out, which was perfect green barley of the same kind as our European, nay, as our English barley.

I carefully saved the ears of this grain, you may be sure, in their season, which was about the end of June, and laying up every kernel I resolved to sow them all again, hoping in time to have some quantity sufficient to supply me with bread. It was not till the fourth year that I could allow myself the least kernel of this grain to eat, and even then but sparingly. I lost nearly all that I sowed the first season, by not observing the proper time; for I sowed it just before the dry season, so that it never came up at all, at least, not as it would have done had it been sown in the wet season.

Besides the barley, there were twenty or thirty stalks of rice, which I preserved with the same care, and whose use was of the same kind; namely, to make me food; for I found ways to cook it up without baking, though I did that also after some time. But to return to my journal.

I worked excessively hard for three or four months to get my wall done; and the 14th of April I closed it up, contriving to go into it, not by a door, but over the wall by a ladder, that there might be no sign of my habitation.

—Daniel Defoe.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold: —
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" — the vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily, still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellowmen."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

— LEIGH HUNT.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, —
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

— TENNYSON.

RALEIGH'S CLOAK

jerkin	alleged	liegeman	reluctance
halberd	gallantry	deservedly	admiration
retinue	culverin	inclination	impetuosity
wherries	penitence	mysterious	justification

A royal barge, manned with the queen's water-men, richly attired in the regal liveries, and having the banner of England displayed, lay at the great stairs which ascended from the river, and along with it two or three other boats for transporting such part of her retinue as were not in immediate attendance on the royal person. The yeomen of the guard, the tallest and most handsome men whom England could produce, guarded with their halberds the passage from the palace gate to the river-side, and all seemed in readiness for the queen's coming forth, although the day was yet early.

"By my faith, this bodes us no good," said Blount. "It must be some perilous cause puts her grace in motion thus untimely. By my counsel, we were best put back again, to tell the earl what we have seen."

"Tell the earl what we have seen!" said Walter; "why, what have we seen but a boat, and men with scarlet jerkins, and halberds in their hands? Let us do his errand, and tell him what the queen says in reply."

So saying, he caused their boat to be pulled toward a landing-place at some distance from the principal one,

which it would not, at that moment, have been thought respectful to approach, and jumped on shore, followed, though with reluctance, by his cautious and timid companion. As they approached the gate of the palace, one of the sergeant-porters told them they could not at present enter, as her Majesty was in the act of coming forth. The gentlemen used the name of the Earl of Sussex; but it proved no charm to subdue the officer, who alleged in reply, that it was as much as the post was worth to disobey in the least tittle the commands which he had received.

"Nay, I told you as much before," said Blount; "do, I pray you, my dear Raleigh, let us take our boat and return."

"Not till I see the queen come forth," returned the youth, composedly.

"Thou art mad, stark mad!" answered Blount.

"And thou," said Raleigh, "art turned coward of a sudden. I have seen thee face half a score of rough fellows single-handed, and now thou wouldst blink and go back to shun the frown of a fair lady!"

At this moment the gates opened, and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of gentlemen pensioners. After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth, herself, then in the prime of womanhood, and in the full glow of what in

a sovereign was called beauty, and who would in the lowest rank of life have been truly judged a noble figure, joined to a striking and commanding face. She leaned on the arm of Lord Hounsdon, whose relation to her by her mother's side often procured him such distinguished marks of Elizabeth's friendliness.

The young Walter Raleigh had probably never yet approached so near his queen, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. His companion, on the contrary, kept pulling him backwards, till Walter shook him off impatiently, letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder. Unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the queen was to pass, somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye — an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited among her subjects. Accordingly, she fixed her keen glance on the youth, as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, when a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention toward him yet more strongly.

The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant Raleigh, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to insure her stepping over it dry-shod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence, and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The queen was confused, and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, Raleigh," said Blount, "your gay cloak will need the brush to-day, I wot."

"This cloak," said the youth, picking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

"And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy."

This discourse was interrupted by one of the band of pensioners. "I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one. You, sir, I think," addressing the young cavalier, "are the man; you will please to follow me."

"He is in attendance on me," said Blount, "on me, the noble Earl of Sussex's master of horse."

"I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger; "my orders are directly from her Majesty, and concern this gentleman only."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the other behind, Blount's eyes almost starting from his head with the excess of his astonishment. At length he gave vent to it in an exclamation — "Who would have thought this!" And shaking his head with a mysterious air, he walked to his own boat, embarked, and returned to Deptford.

The young cavalier was, in the meanwhile, guided to the waterside by the pensioner, who showed him considerable respect; a circumstance which, to persons in his situation, may be considered as an event of no small consequence. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river.

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition at the signal of the gentleman pensioner, that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies, and the nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young gallant was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh. At length one of the attendants, by the queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility, and was brought to the queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping

into the rear. The muddied cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our service, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual, and somewhat bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

"That was well said, my lord," said the queen, turning to a grave person who sat by her, who answered with something of a mumbled assent. "Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I promise thee, on the word of a princess."

"May it please your Grace," said Walter, "it is not for so humble a servant of your Majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose —"

"Thou wouldst have gold, I warrant," said the queen, interrupting him; "fie, young man! I take shame to say, that, in our capital, such and so various are the means of thriftless folly, that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire. Yet thou mayest be poor," she added, "or thy parents may be; — it shall be gold, if thou wilt, but thou shalt answer to me for the use of it."

Walter waited patiently until the queen had done, and then modestly assured her, that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment her Majesty had before offered.

"How, boy!" said the queen, "neither gold nor raiment! What is it that thou wouldst have of me?"

"Only permission, madame — if it is not asking too high an honor — permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy?" said the queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter; "when your Majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

The queen again blushed; and endeavored to cover, by laughing, a slight degree of not unpleasing surprise and confusion.

"Heard you ever the like, my lords? The youth's head is turned with reading romances — I must know something of him, that I may send him safe to his friends, — what art thou?"

"A gentleman of the household of the Earl of Sussex, so please your grace, sent hither with his master of horse, upon a message to your majesty.

In a moment the gracious expression which Elizabeth's face had hitherto maintained, gave way to an expression of haughtiness and severity.

"My Lord of Sussex," she said, "has taught us how

to regard his messages, by the value he places upon ours. We sent but this morning our own physician, understanding his lordship's illness to be more dangerous than we had before apprehended. There is at no court in Europe a man more skilled in this most useful science than Doctor Masters, and he went at our orders to my Lord of Sussex. Nevertheless, he found the gate of Say's Court defended by men with culverins, as if it had been on the borders of Scotland, not in the vicinity of our court; and when he demanded admittance in our name, it was stubbornly refused. For this slight of kindness, which had but too much of condescension in it, we will receive, at present at least, no excuse; and some such we suppose to have been the purport of my Lord of Sussex's message."

This was uttered in a tone, and with a gesture, which made Lord Sussex's friends, who were within hearing, tremble. He to whom the speech was addressed, however, trembled not; but with great deference and humility, as soon as the queen's passion gave him an opportunity, he replied, "So please your Most Gracious Majesty, I was charged with no apology from the Earl of Sussex."

"With what were you then charged, sir?" said the queen, with the impetuosity which, amid nobler qualities, strongly marked her character; "was it with a justification, or with a defence?"

"Madame," said the young man, "my Lord of Sussex

knew the offence approached toward treason, and could think of nothing save of securing the offender, and placing him in your Majesty's hands, and at your mercy. The noble earl was fast asleep when your Majesty's most gracious message reached him, a potion having been administered to that purpose by his physician; and his Lordship knew not of the ungracious repulse your Majesty's royal and most comfortable message had received, until after he awoke this morning."

"And which of his domestics, then, presumed to reject my message, without even admitting my own physician to the presence of him whom I sent him to attend?" said the queen, much surprised.

"The offender, madame, is before you," replied Walter, bowing very low; "the full and sole blame is mine; and my lord has most justly sent me to abide the consequences of my fault, of which he is as innocent as a sleeping man's dreams can be of a waking man's actions."

"What! was it thou, — thou thyself, that repelled my messenger and my physician from Say's Court?" said the queen. "What could occasion such boldness in one who seems devoted — that is, whose exterior bearing shows devotion — to his sovereign?"

"Madame," said the youth, "we say in our country, that the physician is for the time the sovereign of his patient. Now, my noble master was then under dominion of a physician, who had issued his commands that

his patient should not that night be disturbed, on the very peril of his life."

"Thy master hath trusted some false physician," said the queen.

"I know not, madame, but by the fact that he is now awakened much refreshed and strengthened, from the only sleep he hath had for many hours."

The nobles looked at each other, but more with the purpose to see what each thought of this news, than to exchange any remarks on what had happened. The queen answered hastily, and without affecting to disguise her satisfaction: "By my word, I am glad he is better. But thou wert over bold to deny the access of my Doctor Masters. Know'st thou not that in the multitude of counsel there is safety?"

"Ay, madame," said Walter, "but I have heard learned men say, that the safety spoken of is for the physicians, not for the patient."

"By my faith, child, thou hast pushed me home," said the queen, laughing; "for my Hebrew learning does not come quite at a call. But for thee, young man, what is thy name and birth?"

"Raleigh is my name, most gracious queen, the youngest son of a large but honorable family of Devonshire."

"Raleigh?" said Elizabeth, after a moment's recollection, "have we not heard of your service in Ireland?"

"I have been so fortunate as to do some service there, madame," replied Raleigh, "scarce however of consequence sufficient to reach your Grace's ears."

"They hear farther than you think of," said the queen, graciously, "and have heard of a youth who defended a ford in Shannon against a whole band of rebels, until the stream ran purple with their blood and his own."

"Some blood I may have lost," said the youth, looking down, "but it was where my best is due; and that is in your Majesty's service."

The queen paused, and then said hastily, "You are very young to have fought so well, and to speak so well. But you must not escape your penance for turning back Masters — the poor man hath caught cold on the river; for our order reached him when he was just returning from certain visits in London, and he held it matter of loyalty and conscience instantly to set forth again. So hark ye, Master Raleigh, see thou fail not to wear thy muddy cloak, in token of penitence, till our pleasure be farther known. And here," she added, giving him a jewel of gold, in the form of a chessman, "I give thee this to wear at the collar."

Raleigh, to whom nature had taught intuitively, as it were, those courtly arts which many scarce acquire from long experience, knelt, and, as he took from her hand the jewel, kissed the fingers which gave it.

— Sir Walter Scott.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation — shocking

To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or wont determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease.
Rouse up, Sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain,
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!

His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow, and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one, "It's as if my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, the toad, the newt, the viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper.
Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats;

I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? Fifty thousand!" was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe had uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling—
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails, and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,

Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped, advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished! —
Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across, and lived to carry
(As *he*, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary:
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe;
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'Oh rats, rejoice!
The world has grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious, scarce an inch before me,

Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
— I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests, and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" When suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue,
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Besides," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to drink,

And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty:
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor.
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How," cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again

Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running:
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by, —
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!

However he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,

And their dogs outran our fallow-deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
  Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
  And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
  Should think their records dated duly,
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
  On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix

The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street —
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor,
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long ago in a mighty band,
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how, or why, they don't understand.

— Robert Browning.

RIP VAN WINKLE

PART I

daunted	Kaatskill	termagant	popularity
adherent	barometers	precipice	incessantly
aversion	pestilent	impending	amphitheatre
equipped	Stuyvesant	unconquerable	Appalachian

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson River must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day produces some change in the hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers.

When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapórs about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh

green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant, and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks, brought from Holland, having latticed windows, and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which to tell the truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived, many years since, while the country was still a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the character of these ancestors.

I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient, henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are apt to be conciliating abroad who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain-lecture is worth all the sermons in the world

for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects be considered a blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village he was surrounded by a troop of them hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an unconquerable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through the woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few

squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man in all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a little patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of

his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and had rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs, he sneaked about casting many a

sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long, lazy, summer day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless, sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned, little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place!

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to naught.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and

his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, looking wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he felt the keenest sympathy for his master.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on in its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep moun-

tain glen, wild, lonely, and rugged, the bottom filled with fragments from the overhanging cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, — "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" — at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague fear stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singular appearance of the stranger. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion — a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist — several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals like distant thunder that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the mutterings of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in the mountain heights, he proceeded.

Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by precipices, over the brink of which impending trees shot their branches, so that one only caught glimpses of the azure sky, and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence;

for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange about the unknown, that inspired awe, and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in quaint fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weatherbeaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these men were evidently amusing themselves, yet they kept the most mysterious silence, and were the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them they suddenly ceased their play, and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange countenances, that his heart turned within him and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they drank the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees, Rip's awe subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was very thirsty, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he repeated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

Part II

flagon	repetition	hereditary	invariably
populous	occurrences	chronicler	incomprehensible
comely	perplexity	counterpart	rheumatism
partridge	assemblage	significantly	corroborated

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old men of the glen. He rubbed his eyes — it was a bright sunny morning. The

birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night!" He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor — the mountain ravine — the wild retreat among the rocks — the woe-begone party at ninepins — the flagon — "Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip; "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked around for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave men of the mountain had played a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled for him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van

Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel; and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils of tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached the place where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such an opening remained. The rocks presented a high wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled for his dog, but was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in the air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook

his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant repetition of this gesture led Rip to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows — everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Moun-

tains — there ran the silver Hudson at a distance — there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been — Rip was sorely perplexed — "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his fears — he called loudly for his wife and children — the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn — but it, too, was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch

Inn of yore, there was reared a tall naked pole, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which were a number of stars and stripes — all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly changed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, "GENERAL WASHINGTON."

There was, as usual, a crowd of folks about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling tone about it, instead of the accustomed drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke, instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these a lean fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was shouting about rights of citizens — elections — members of Congress — liberty — Bunker's Hill — heroes of seventy-six — and other words, which were a perfect jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his strange dress, and an army of

women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired, "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat."

Rip was equally at a loss to understand this question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in a harsh tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels; and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders — "a tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold harshness of manner, demanded again

of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well — who are they? — name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? Why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard, that used to tell all about him, but that's gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point — others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know — he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away, at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: wars — Congress — Stony Point;

he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows!" exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself — I'm somebody else — that's me yonder — no — that's somebody else, got into my shoes — I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at every suggestion of which, the self-important man with the cocked hat retired with some haste. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the

throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little goose; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since, — his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one more question to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice: —

"Where's your mother?"

Oh, she, too, had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England pedler.

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he — "young Rip Van Winkle once — old Rip Van Winkle now. Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed: "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle — it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been all these twenty years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head — upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner.

He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor, the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. It was also affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the

first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half-moon;* being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. His father, he said, had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but showed an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicler

of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to understand the strange events that had taken place during his twenty years' sleep: — how that there had been a revolutionary war — that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England — and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood, but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and this was one point on which he always remained flighty.

The old Dutch inhabitants, however, gave it full credit. Even to this day, they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill Mountains, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins.

— WASHINGTON IRVING.

KING ARTHUR WINS EXCALIBUR

razed	jeopard	Merlin
joust	samite	Caerleon
churls	pavilion	Excalibur

One morning as King Arthur rode forth alone through the forest he was ware of three churls chasing Merlin to slay him. So he rode swiftly on to them, crying, "Flee, churls!" and drawing his sword against them.

When they saw so brave a knight riding upon them, the cowardly churls fled away, and Merlin came to meet his king.

"O Merlin," said King Arthur, "here hadst thou been slain for all thy craft, had I not been near thee."

"Nay," said Merlin, "not so, for I could save myself if I would, and thou art more near thy death than I am mine."

So as they went thus talking, they came to a fountain, and near by sat a knight all armed, in a rich pavilion. "Sir Knight," said King Arthur, "for what cause abidest thou here?"

"That no knight may ride this way unless he joust with me," said the knight.

"That no knight may ride this way unless he joust with thee!" said the king. "I advise thee to amend that custom."

"Nay," said the knight, "but I shall defend it."

Then he took his horse and dressed his shield, and took his spear and they ran together and met so hard that their spears were shivered. But the knight hit King Arthur so hard in the middle of the shield that horse and man fell to the earth, and therewith Arthur was eager and pulled out his sword. When the knight saw this he alighted from his horse and drew his sword, and there began a strong battle, with many great strokes.

At length the sword of the knight smote King Arthur's sword in two pieces. Then said the knight unto Arthur, "Thou art in my power, so that I may save thee or slay thee, and unless thou acknowledge thyself as overcome, thou shalt die."

"As for death," said King Arthur, "welcome be it when it cometh, but as for acknowledging myself as overcome by thee, I will not." Then he leaped upon the knight and threw him to the ground; but the knight was a strong man of might, and anon he brought Arthur under him, and would have razed off his helm to slay him.

Therewithal came Merlin, and said, "Knight, hold thy hand, for if thou slay that knight, thou puttest this realm in great danger, for this knight is a man of more worship than thou knowest."

"Why, who is he?" said the knight.

"It is King Arthur."

Then would the knight have slain the king for very dread of his wrath, and lifted up his sword to slay him, but Merlin cast an enchantment on the knight, so that he fell to the earth in a deep sleep.

Then Merlin took up King Arthur and set him on his horse. "Alas!" said King Arthur, "what hast thou done, Merlin? Hast thou slain this good knight by thy crafts?"

"Care ye not," said Merlin, "for he is but asleep, and will awake within three hours."

So the king and Merlin departed, and went unto a hermit that was a good man, and a great leech. So the hermit bound up all the king's wounds and gave him good salves; and he was there three days. Then were his wounds so well a-mended that he might ride and go forth, and Merlin and the king departed. As they rode Arthur said, "I have no sword."

"Have no fear," said Merlin; "hereby is a sword that shall be yours." So they rode till they came to a lake, which was a fair water and broad, and in the midst of the lake King Arthur was ware of an arm clothed in white samite, that held a fair sword in the hand.

"Lo," said Merlin, "yonder is the sword of which I spoke to thee." With that they beheld a damsel going upon the lake.

"What damsel is that?" said Arthur.

"That is the Lady of the Lake," said Merlin; "and

she will come to you anon. Then speak ye fair to her that she may give you the sword."

Anon came the damsel unto Arthur and saluted him, and he said to her, "Damsel, what sword is that, that yonder the arm holdeth above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword."

"Sir King," said the damsel, "that sword is mine, and if ye will give me a gift when I ask it of you, ye shall have the sword."

"By my faith," said Arthur, "I will give you whatever gift ye shall ask."

"Well said," answered the damsel. "Now go ye into yonder barge and row yourself to the sword, and take it and the scabbard with you, and I will ask my gift when I see my time."

So King Arthur and Merlin alighted, and tied their horses to two trees, and went into the barge. When they had come to the sword that the hand was holding out of the water, King Arthur took it by the handle and drew it gently away. The arm and the hand disappeared in the water; Merlin and the king returned to the shore, mounted their horses, and rode forth into the forest.

Then King Arthur looked upon the sword and liked it passing well.

"Whether likest thou better," said Merlin, "the sword or the scabbard?"

"Me liketh better the sword," replied Arthur, "and

it shall be my good and trusted sword and I will call it 'Excalibur.'"

"Ye are most unwise," said Merlin, "for the scabbard is worth ten of the sword, for while ye have the scabbard upon you, ye shall lose no blood be ye ever so sorely wounded. Therefore keep well the scabbard always with you."

So they rode on Caerleon, and when his knights of the Table Round heard of his adventures they marvelled that he would so jeopard his person, but all men said it was merry to be under such a chieftain who feared naught and met his adventures with a glad heart.

—Sir Thomas Malory (Adapted).

But when he spake, and cheered his Table Round
With large, divine and comfortable words
Beyond my tongue to tell thee — I beheld
From eye to eye thro' all their Order flash
A momentary likeness of the King:
And ere it left their faces,
Down from the casement over Arthur, smote
Flame-color, vert and azure, in three rays,
One falling upon each of three fair queens,
Who stood in silence near his throne, the friends
Of Arthur, gazing on him, tall, with bright
Sweet faces, who will help him at his need.

—Alfred Tennyson.

THE DEATH OF KING ARTHUR

Lucan	Gawain	Launcelot
Bedivere	carrack	Salisbury
Mordred	avenged	Canterbury

While King Arthur was absent to do battle with Sir Launcelot, Sir Mordred was ruler of all England, and he caused letters to be made as though they came from beyond the sea. The letters specified that King Arthur was slain in battle with Sir Launcelot; wherefore Sir Mordred called the lords together, and there he made them choose him king. And so he was crowned at Canterbury, and held a feast there fifteen days.

Then came word to Sir Mordred that King Arthur had raised the siege from Sir Launcelot, and that he was coming homeward with a great host to be avenged upon Sir Mordred. And so Sir Mordred drew toward Dover with a great host, for there he heard say that King Arthur would arrive.

And so, as Sir Mordred was at Dover with his army, there came King Arthur with a great navy of ships, galleys, and carracks. There was Sir Mordred ready to hinder his own uncle from landing upon the land over which he was rightful king.

Then there was a launching of great boats and small, and full of noble men of arms. But King Arthur was so

courageous that there might no manner of knight hinder him from landing, and his knights fiercely followed him. And so they landed in spite of Sir Mordred and all his power, and drove Sir Mordred back so that he fled with all his army.

Then King Arthur drew him with his army down by the seaside, westward unto Salisbury, and there was a day assigned between the king and Sir Mordred that they should meet between their hosts upon a down beside Salisbury; whereof King Arthur was passing glad, that he might be avenged upon Sir Mordred.

Then went King Arthur into the fields and warned all his army that if they saw any sword drawn, they should come on fiercely and slay Sir Mordred. "For," said he, "I in no wise trust him, and fear that he may prove a traitor in this treaty."

In like wise Sir Mordred did warn his army, "If ye see any manner of sword drawn, look that ye come on fiercely and so slay all that standeth before you, for in no wise will I trust this treaty, for I know that Arthur will be avenged upon me."

So they met as their appointment was, and were agreed and accorded thoroughly. Right so came an adder out of a little bush, and it stung a knight on the foot; and when the knight felt himself stung he looked down and saw the adder, and then he drew his sword to slay the adder, and thought of no other harm.

But when the hosts saw the drawn sword they blew trumpets and horns and shouted grimly. So both hosts dressed their shields and King Arthur mounted his horse. Sir Mordred did in like wise, and never was there a more doleful battle in Christian lands, for they fought till it was nigh night, and by that time was there a hundred thousand dead upon the down.

Then the king looked about him and was ware that of all his host, and of all his good knights no more were left but two knights, Sir Lucan, and Sir Bedivere, his brother, and they were sorely wounded.

"Alas! that ever I should see this doleful day," said King Arthur, "for now I am come unto mine end, nor am I yet avenged on that traitor, Sir Mordred, which hath caused all this mischief."

Then was the king ware of Sir Mordred where he leaned upon his sword. "Now give me my spear," said King Arthur to Sir Lucan, "for yonder I have espied the traitor which hath wrought all this woe."

"Sir, let him be," said Sir Lucan, "for if ye pass this unhappy day ye shall be right well avenged upon him. Remember well your dream and what the spirit of Sir Gawain told you, and leave off now. Ye have won the field, for we be three alive, and with Sir Mordred is none; and if ye leave off now this evil day of destiny is passed."

"Betide me death, betide me life," said the king, "he shall not now escape my hand." Then the king

took his spear in both his hands, and ran toward Sir Mordred, crying, "Traitor, now is thy death-day come."

And when Sir Mordred heard King Arthur, he ran unto him with his sword drawn. Then King Arthur smote Sir Mordred under the shield with a thrust of his spear through the body. When Sir Mordred felt that he had his death-wound, with the might that he had, he smote King Arthur on the head with his sword. Therewithal Sir Mordred fell dead to the earth, and the noble Arthur fell in a swoon.

And Sir Lucan and Sir Bedivere raised him up gently, and weakly they bore him to a little chapel not far from the sea. But Sir Lucan died from his many wounds and Sir Bedivere wept for the death of his brother.

Then said King Arthur unto his beloved knight, "The time cometh soon when I must follow thy brother, therefore, take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there, I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and return to me, and tell me what thou hast seen."

"My lord," replied Sir Bedivere, "thy commands shall be done, and swiftly will I bring you word of it." And so Sir Bedivere departed; and by the way he gazed upon that noble sword, with the haft all set with precious stones, and then he said to himself, "If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss."

Then he hid Excalibur under a tree, and as soon as he might he returned to King Arthur, and said he had been to the seaside and had thrown the sword into the water.

"What sawest thou there?" said the king.

"Sir," replied the knight, "I saw nothing but waves and wind."

"That is untruly said," replied King Arthur; "therefore go thou swiftly and do my command, as thou art to me dear and beloved; spare not, but throw it in."

Then Sir Bedivere went again and took Excalibur in his hand; but he thought again it was a sin and a shame to throw away that noble sword. So he hid the sword and returned again and told the king that he had been to the water and done his command.

"What saw ye there?" asked the king.

"Sir," said he, "I saw nothing but the water lap, and the waves ebb."

"Oh, traitor untrue!" said King Arthur, "now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have guessed that thou, who hast been unto me so beloved, wouldst betray me for a rich sword. Go again swiftly and do as I command."

Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the water's side, and there he threw Excalibur into the water, with all his might; and then came an arm and a hand above the water, and met the sword and caught it, and so shook

it thrice and brandished it. Then the hand vanished away into the water, bearing the sword.

So Sir Bedivere came again to the king and told him what he had seen. "Bear me hence," said King Arthur, "to the water's side, for my life ebbs fast."

Then Sir Bedivere took King Arthur upon his back, and so went with him to the water's side. And there, by the bank, was a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them were three queens, and they wept when they beheld the king.

"Now place me in the barge," said King Arthur, and Sir Bedivere did so. And there received him the three queens with great mourning, one of them murmuring, "Alas, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long!"

Then they rowed away from the land, the queens and the ladies weeping evermore as they bore King Arthur gently in their midst.

—Sir Thomas Malory (Adapted).

"But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest — if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt) —
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

Whereat he slowly turned and slowly clomb
The last hard footstep of that iron crag;
Thence marked the black hull moving yet, and cried,
"He passes to be King among the dead,
And after healing of his grievous wound
He comes again; but — if he come no more —
O me, be yon dark Queens in yon black boat,
Who shrieked and wailed, the three whereat we gazed
On that high day, when, clothed with living light,
They stood before his throne in silence, friends
Of Arthur, who should help him at his need?"

Thereat once more he moved about, and clomb
Ev'n to the highest he could climb, and saw,
Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand,
Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the King,
Down that long water opening on the deep
Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go
From less to less and vanish into light.
And the new sun rose bringing the new year.

— Alfred Tennyson.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail;
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees;
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray;
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might open be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree;
Summer besieged it on every side,

But the churlish stone her assaults defied;
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though around it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight;
  Green and broad was every tent,
  And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
  In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
  Had cast them forth: so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
  And morning in the young knight's heart;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
  And gloomed by itself apart;

The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
  He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
  And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
  The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
  Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
  Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
  That thread of the all-sustaining beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—

The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

* * * * * *

There was never a leaf on a bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in the earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,

For it was just at the Christmas time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago:
He sees the snakelike caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms;" —
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

And Sir Launfal said, — "I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns, —
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,

And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to Thee!"

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He brake the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink,
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl, —
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate, —

Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snow on the brine
That mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
"Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here, — this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree.
The Holy Supper is kept indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need:
Not that we give, but that we share, —
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three, —
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound: —
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail

Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."
The castle gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turrets tall,
The Summer's long siege at last is o'er;
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
She entered with him in disguise,
And mastered the fortress by surprise;
There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

—James Russell Lowell.

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